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LONDON CHURCHYARDS.\*

Report from the Select Committee on Improvement of the Health of Towns, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. (Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 14, 1842.)

THE tyrants of antiquity were accustomed to despatch a criminal by binding the doomed wretch to a corpse: leaving the exhalations from the dead man to kill the living. While we shudder in contemplating this refinement in the philosophy of cruelty, we perhaps congratulate ourselves that in these days such things cannot be; but a little observation will convince us that the same ancient mode of extermination still flourishes, and to an infinitely greater extent than in former times, though in a modified form. Our modern law, associated with religion, permits the continuous application, to thousands and hundreds of thousands of our population, of the same revolting principle of death which formerly was concentrated upon a few miserable individuals; and this, with the concurrence of parliament and the clergy, throughout all the towns and cities of the United Kingdom. Cathedrals, parish church-

es, churchyards, burial yards, and all kinds of grounds, consecrated and unconsecrated, have been for centuries permitted to be used as receptacles of the dead, in the midst of our places of habitation, until at length earth and walls have become so saturated with putrefaction, that, turn where we may, the air we breathe is cadaverous, and a man often *feels* that sublimated particles, perhaps of his next door neighbour or nearest relative, enter his lungs at every respiration. Thus, in truth (though in a different sense from that of the Apostle), in the midst of life we are in death.

Setting aside the question of what must be the influence on the mind from a consideration of such sickening facts, the effect of this general state of atmospheric infection upon the public health must be evident. It is physically indubitable, and those upon whose senses the truth has not yet forced itself, may soon trace its course by physical demonstration. Many of our most popular diseases are referable to this source. Medical and scientific men have often denounced it, and given warning; but the impression upon society has been of a vague startling character, here and there giving rise to the formation of a suburban cemetery, which was, not unnaturally, recognized as a speculation, undertaken with the motives common to all joint-stock projects, rather than as an attempt to diminish or counteract an evil of which the shareholders had any serious alarms, notwithstanding all that their prospectuses might affirm on that head. While those who could comprehend the dreadful extent, and the actual and impending consequences of the

\* This article contains such abundant evidence of the pernicious consequences of interring dead bodies within the limits of thickly inhabited districts, that it may serve a good purpose to spread it before the American public. Fortunately, rural cemeteries are becoming the fashion, and here are convincing reasons for encouraging it.—[ED. CAMP. MAG.]

systems, have stated their views, local individuals who could understand, but would not act, have shaken their heads, and then dying, have been buried respectably, *more majorum*, perhaps under their own drawing-room windows.

It is strange that the practical people of Great Britain should be amongst the last to retain this disgraceful and dangerous relic of Christian barbarism. Burial in towns has been long forbidden in France. It is upwards of twenty years since the clergy of Spain concurred with the Cortes in abolishing the practice. In many parts of Italy, in Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, and other nations of Europe, which we are apt to look upon as vastly behind ourselves in the march of intellect, burial in towns has been abolished by law. Why, then, does the system continue to prevail amongst us? Because, no doubt, the public mind has not been sufficiently aroused to a contemplation of its indecencies, horrors, and dangers; and there is no hope of suppressing this consecrated nuisance until a feeling of disgust, indignation, and resolution takes possession of all classes of society. This can only be produced by setting before their minds a picture, local and general, of their present dreadful position.

A few scientific men having impressed Parliament with the necessity of inquiring into the causes affecting the health of towns, a Committee was appointed, which commenced the investigation by taking evidence upon our burial system as a predominating evil. Their Report has since been presented to the House of Commons. The facts which have persuaded the Committee will doubtless influence the public. We esteem it, therefore, a duty, though not certainly a pleasing task, to submit a digest of the evidence, and so assist in hastening the general legislative movement that shall do away with one of the most disgraceful and perilous conditions of English society.

Since the Report was presented, we learn, from a conversation in the House, arising out of a question put to Sir James Graham by Lord Robert Grosvenor, that further evidence has been collected by Government on the subject, and that an additional report, embodying more carefully-considered suggestions than the former, is now lying in the office of the Home Secretary. If this be the fact, we would ask why the publication of the additional report is delayed? Sir James has declined supporting Mr. Mackin-

non's bill, founded upon the recommendations of the Committee: why should the public not be made acquainted with the recommendations which have influenced his judgment? It may be true that his mind is not yet wholly made up—that he cannot at present clearly see his way to a sound practical measure; but the greater, therefore, is the reason for making the new evidence and accompanying suggestions public, that the country at large might assist in the discussion. Waiting these (and it would seem, from the result of the present session, that on all questions of practical improvement we must be content to wait, possessing our souls in patience,) we confine ourselves to an analysis of the report of Mr. Mackinnon's Committee, the statements of which, as will be seen, are sufficiently startling to demand the most serious attention of every class in the community.

The first witness examined was Mr. Henry Heldson, a collecting clerk to Mr. James Bingon Cooper, ironfounder, Drury lane. Mr. Heldson has acted as assistant-minister of the Baptist persuasion at the City-road ground, called Bunhill fields, but chiefly at the New Bunhill fields, in the same district, the space being almost exhausted, in the former, by two hundred years' sepulture, and also rendered unpopular by increased fees.

"How were the graves generally made?—The plan on which the grave was opened was quite in accordance with that generally observed or adopted throughout London; that is, the opening, what is called a public grave, thirty feet deep, perhaps; the first corpse interred was succeeded by another, and up to sixteen or eighteen, and all the openings between the coffin boards were filled up with smaller coffins of children. When this grave was crammed as full as it could be, so that the topmost coffin was within two feet of the surface, that was banked up, and that piece of ground was considered as occupied.

"The largest number of burials I have ever attended on one day was during the raging epidemic called the influenza, I think, in 1837. On one Sunday afternoon I buried twenty-one persons myself; that was in Holywell Mount ground, situated about a quarter of a mile distant, in the Curtain road."

Sometimes this dead-hole is left open a fortnight, or covered only with planks, before

it is full;\* it is then covered over with earth, to be opened again in rotation at the end of a year. Speaking of the "sequel" in New Bunhill fields, Mr. Heldson observes:—

"After the first year had passed away, for I officiated in that ground about four years during the heat of the summer, when those graves were re-opened on the Sunday afternoon, when most of the funerals take place, in consequence of their being chiefly among the Irish and the lower classes of society, by reason of their burying rather cheaper than at other grounds, they were exceedingly offensive; the swarms of some kind of black fly, which I am not able to explain the nature of, but I suppose generated in this house of corruption, were certainly so offensive, and the noisome stench arising from those deep graves was very unpleasant, so that it was difficult in the heat of the summer for any man of sensibility to discharge the duties necessarily devolving upon him.

"I have known a grave-digger obliged to be drawn out of those very deep graves after being in half an hour or three quarters of an hour, in consequence of his being overpowered with the heat and the stench accumulated there, and more particularly in opening those graves where ten or twelve corpses had already been interred; and where they began to run, the stench was dreadful. Every subsequent summer this offensive effluvia increased, and even the sight of the coffins; for the fact is, that as the coffins lie one on another in succession from the bottom to the top, the next grave that is opened alongside of that, to make the very most of every inch of the speculation of any proprietor of such ground; nay, I have been witness, from Sunday to Sunday, of my certain knowledge, of from sixteen to eighteen coffins being placed all in succession, rising one above another, and the horrible stench arising from those, and the swarms of flies and insects accumulated, it is horrible to conceive, and I have gone away sometimes so loathed and disgusted, as scarcely to be able to endure myself."

\* As far as the writer's observation goes, this is the official mode of burying paupers. Mr. Wakely lately complained in the House of Commons, that having occasion to hold an inquest on the body of a pauper buried at Hanwell, on proceeding to exhumate, the deceased was the fifteenth in downward succession. The effluvia arising from the removal of the overlying coffins was dreadful.

We are now in the very worst part of London. Mr. John Irwin, house painter, says,—

"I live in Clement's lane, Clare market, overlooking Portugal-street burying-ground, belonging to the parish of Saint Clement Danes. Neither I nor any one of my family have been in good health since we came there, now three years since. The mortality of the neighbourhood has been very great; all the symptoms are generally those of typhus fever. I had a lodger of the name of Britt, a ruddy-complexioned man, who chose my house because it was a quiet place, but he became ill of fever almost immediately. His wife also caught it, as did Mr. and Mrs. Rosamond, who also lodged with me. Three out of the four went to the hospital; they all died. Rosamond died in the hospital, Britt in my house. Britt was buried within *ten feet of my wall*. The grave was opened, and a fortnight after there was another put atop of him; but previous to that the smell was so nauseous I could hardly contain myself; I was obliged to keep my window down. 'If this be the case,' said I to the grave digger, 'well may typhus fever rage in this neighbourhood. There is a *workhouse* on the right hand.'"

We now come to the worst. Mr. Samuel Pitts, cabinet maker, residing at 14 Catherine street, Strand, says,—

"I used to attend as one of the Baptist congregation at Enon Chapel, Clement's lane. The surface of the floor was fifty or sixty feet by forty. The cellar below was used as a burying place, the corpses having no covering but the coffins, and nothing separating the living congregation from the dead '*but the thin boards between the depositary and the chapel*, and there were openings between, owing to the shrinking of the boards.' The chapel and vault were owned by the late Rev. Mr. Howse, who preached there. I attended from about 1828 for six or seven years. There have been on the whole about twelve thousand persons buried here; the depth is about six feet. I have heard, when it got too full, a great many have been removed to make way for others. I did hear, and it came through a woman who used to wash for Mrs. Howse, living close by, *that they used to burn the coffins under the copper, and frequently in their own fireplace*. I do not know what became of the remains unless they were *shovelled all together*, which I believe to be the case. The fees



were small, and were part of Mr. Howse's emoluments. As many as nine or ten have been buried there one Sunday afternoon."—"While I attended the chapel," proceeds Mr. Irwin, "the place was in a very filthy state; the smell was *abominable*, and very injurious; also they were some insects, something similar to a bug in shape and appearance, only with wings. I have seen in the summer hundreds of them flying about the chapel; I have taken them home in my hat, and my wife has taken them home in her clothes. We always considered that they proceeded from the dead bodies underneath."

Mr. Howse must have been rather a powerful preacher to draw a congregation in such circumstances. He has now followed the majority of his congregation. There is no more preaching there, and we believe the abomination of the burials below is given up through the interference of Sir James Graham. In the beginning of this year the chapel was converted into a Catholic school; but the facts were exposed in a petition to the House of Commons, and we believe the poor children are shown the way to the other world elsewhere.

"I believe," continues Mr. Irwin, "the minister would not have had room for the twelve thousand bodies if he had not burned the coffins. The fee varied from 8s. to 15s., as the deceased was a child or an adult. I have frequently gone home from the chapel with a severe headache. It was a common thing to see some of the congregation removed in a fainting state. There was a sewer also running through the vault. I believe, when the wood of the coffins was taken away, the remains would in many cases fall into the sewer; but the commissioners compelled Mr. Howse to build an arch over it."

Mr. Moses Solomons, of Vinegar yard, Drury lane, gives us a clue to the plan which the proprietors adopted to keep room in that venerable, quiet-looking churchyard above-named. He says,—

"I have seen a grave digger take a coffin out, that coffin not being quite decayed, and take the body out; and he has taken the spade and *chopped the head from the body, so that he could take it out of the grave*. I have seen a great many coffins broken up; I suppose he puts them in the bone-house, and the bones too. My impression is, that the coffins were taken away to be burnt."

Mr. Burn had also been employed to remove rubbish from St. Mary's in the Strand,

and St. Clement's. "They are more careful of the bones, but there is the same smell." There is another Baptist burying chapel near Lincoln's inn fields, behind Little Wild street, where the interments are more decent, but the smell is so bad that the people cannot bear it in the summer time.

The grave-diggers of London are a wonderful though little-known class of men; and see things dreadful and strange. To form a correct idea of them they must be allowed to describe themselves. John Eyles, a grave-digger in "that spot in Portugal street," is examined as follows:—

"What is the shallowest depth at which you have known a coffin placed?—Since I have been there they have had a tremendous deal of ground brought in when the college was being built, and they took it from one part of the ground and put it on another. There was a pauper buried out of the house which I remember quite well; nobody followed it; it was buried out of the bone house, what they call the dead house, and it was put down where the carpet ground was, and I believe, if the earth was at the same height then that it is now, it would be under a foot, but I will say a foot; I would rather say more than less.

"Have you ever, in passing over there, smelt any offensive smell?—I cannot say that I have ever noticed it particularly, but there must be a smell, because neither lead nor wood will keep the stench of the body in; it will fly out of lead as well as out of wood; a great many coffins are now made of mill lead.

"Has it affected you in health?—It has a great deal; I nearly at one time lost my life through it.

"How did it affect you?—When I went down the grave I went down a little way, and it smelt as if it was brimstone or some sulphury stuff, and when I reached the bottom my sensation was taken away altogether, and I could hardly make my way up to the top; and when I got to the top I dropped on the boards, and then I went home and got some shavings and an old bed tick, and burnt it down the grave to get the foul air out.

"How were you affected; did it make you vomit?—It did a great deal; it was a trembling sensation over me, and a nasty coppery taste in my mouth.

"Did you lose your appetite?—I did not lose my appetite, but in the afternoon I was



again taken at the same grave; I went down in the afternoon; a child was buried, and the webbing that checked the coffin had turned the coffin over, and it was my duty to unfasten the webbing. When I reached the bottom I could not make anybody hear, and I grasped hold of the webbing, and they pulled me up; and when I got out of the grave I walked to the side of the church, and there I lay for half an hour.

"What church was it?—St. Clement Danes, in the Strand.

"Have you seen coffins cut through?—If you have orders for it you are compelled to do it; if you are to dig a grave in a certain place, it is your duty to do it, and if not you are told directly, 'I will get somebody else to do it.'

"Then you have cut through coffins?—I have.

"Have you ever cut up the lead of a coffin?—Yes, I have once.

"By orders?—By orders.

"What became of the lead?—I do not know; it was not in my time; I went away soon after I cut it up.

"What did you do with the lead when it was cut?—I left it there.

"What burial ground was that?—In St. Clement's church.

"Is it a matter of common occurrence to do so?—I do not know; but if I must speak my mind, I think there is a tremendous deal of lead taken away, both in the churchyard and in the vaults; but I think it is a common thing for the old original coffins to be taken and chopped up; and I think it to be nothing else but the duty of any gentleman that has got any authority, to go into every church vault, and to have the books brought forward to prove how many coffins there ought to be, and to make them account for how many coffins are missing. The lead I believe is a hundred and a half or two hundred in each coffin; I should say there were about two hundred and a half, and it would fetch 1½d. a pound.

"What quantity of wood have you seen taken away, or do you know has been taken away from this churchyard? How many wheelbarrows full in a week?—I could not say, sometimes more, sometimes less, sometimes none; it all depends upon the work; sometimes we get as much out of one grave as you may out of six or seven others; sometimes you may have a bag full in a week.

"What do you mean by a 'grave,' what

depth do you mean?—Five feet is the common depth for a grown person, and three feet for a child; when it is five feet, that leaves four feet from the surface of the earth, but I do not think four feet is enough to keep the effluvia out.

"You think the gas gets out of the ground at that distance?—I am sure it does, because the gas will penetrate through anything; it will penetrate through the strongest man; if he happen to hold his head over the place where the gas is flying it will make him ill; and I think that people going by at the time when a grave is open must breathe some of the gas, as well as persons working in the grave, for when the gas is out you can smell it quite strong up above.

"How far from the grave will the smell of the gas extend?—It depends upon the wind.

"Supposing the wind is blowing towards you, how far will it take it?—If the corpse is about five or six feet below the ground you may smell it six or seven yards from you, but you do not smell it if you are standing by the side and continually in it.

"The vaults in St. Clement Danes are close to the street?—Yes, the gas escapes from the vaults into the church through a grating cullett, and many persons who go to the church on Sunday, when they come home are taken ill and are dead soon afterwards, through the gas in the church; I do not think the lead is of any use to keep the gas in.

"You would not like to go to a leaden coffin and tap it?—Yes, I should not object to it; if you keep underneath the coffin, you would not have so much of the gas then; if you keep underneath, the gas flies up; if you tap it underneath, if there is any dead water, or any 'soup,' as it is called, it runs into a pail, and then it is taken and thrown into some place or another, perhaps down a gulleyhole. I have been, before now, compelled to put my clothes out of the window, because the stench has been so great that they could not bear the place.

"Has it ever occurred to you to go into a public house, and to find the smell of your clothes offensive to the people there?—Yes, many a time; when I have been doing rather dirty work, when I have come in, I have noticed the people smell and get away on the other side of the place; there is sure to be plenty of room when we come in; they are sure to say, 'These chaps have been emptying some cesspool.'

"Is the smell of these graves more offensive than that of a common cesspool?—I emptied a cesspool, and the smell of it was rose water compared with the smell of these graves.

"Has it ever happened, to your knowledge, that the men have declined digging through the coffins, and that they have been induced to do so by the sexton?—Yes; that is the word: 'If you do not like to do it, I will get somebody else.'

"You, or some of the men, have felt a repugnance to cutting through coffins?—It is not a pleasant thing to chop away when it is not fit to chop away; when the body is decayed it does not matter taking that away.

"And you have found yourself, and other workmen with you, obliged to cut through, whether you like it or not?—If you are paid for doing it you must do it, whether you like it or no; if you do not like it you must go.

"Is your father interred there?—Yes, he is: I did not want him to be buried there.

"Did anything occur to his remains?—I saw them chopping the head of his coffin away; I should not have known it if I had not seen the head with the teeth; I knew him by his teeth; one tooth was knocked out and the other was splintered; I knew it was my father's head, and I told them to stop, and they laughed; and I would not let them go any further, and they had to cover it over. It is time that something was done to stop it; and there is a slaughter-house close by, in St. Clement's lane, which is enough to breed any fever.

"Have you ever hesitated, when ordered to dig a grave, in cutting down through coffins?—Yes; I have said, 'There is not room to put down;' but it is said, 'You must make room;' but the sexton will not stop over the grave while that is being done; our sexton I know is fonder of pastry than standing over the top of a grave; he goes and has a shilling's worth of pastry while it is being done.

"Then, when the sexton orders you to dig a grave, he goes away himself?—Yes, and leaves me to do the rest.

"Do you know any thing of the burial-ground under the windows of the almshouse in St. Clement Danes?—I know that the bodies ought to be removed from there; it is not fit for any body to live in the adjoining houses; I could go there and take a carving knife, and almost take some of the lids off. They are in a deal box half an inch thick; there is a great heap, and if that heap was

taken away within nine inches from the top of the earth, you would have to take half of the sides of some of the coffins away.

"Do you know any thing about the health of the people in the neighbourhood?—Some are ill; some are better than others. I do not know how the people in the almshouse feel. If it was a hot summer you would see the ground smoke, the same as if there was boiling water poured over it.

"Have you seen that yourself?—I have not noticed it particularly myself, but I know those that have, and if you take the ground up in your hands it is the same as taking ink into your hands.

"The ground is so saturated with the remains of dead bodies?—Yes, it is.

"Is this in Portugal street?—No, it is in St. Clement Danes: it is what they call the pauper ground, where the people that are buried by the workhouse are put.

"Have you ever observed anything of the same kind in the burial-ground in Portugal street?—Yes, I have seen the ground smoke and reek on a summer's morning; about five o'clock you will see it smoke the same as if there had been hot water poured down.

"Is a grave ever left open at night?—If you are going to dig a deep grave, you cannot do it all in one day; perhaps you may be four or five days over it, and then it is left open: sometimes we put a tarpauling over it.

"Then the smell must come up?—It does."

Michael Pye, a brother-practitioner, being asked whether his health was ever affected by his trade, answers—

"I have. I have been taken with sickness and spitting, and with a nasty taste in my mouth. In one grave in particular I struck a coffin accidentally with a pickaxe. As soon as I struck it, it came out the same as a froth from a barrel of beer and threw me backwards, and I was obliged to stand some minutes before I could recover."

Speaking of the doings at St. Clement Danes' church, he says—

"To my knowledge the coffins are cut up in the vaults and removed. In one case that I can speak to, the sexton, Mr. Fitch, told me to select two coffins out, which I brought him out into the middle of the vault; and after they were brought out there another man was sent for and I was sent out of the way. I suppose that I was not trusted to perform this duty; another man cut them up. But I thought it a curious thing that I

should be sent away, being the regular man there at the time, and I crossed over to the Fore-gate, that is, the pillars opposite the church, and I stood there some considerable time, and about five o'clock in the afternoon I saw a stonemason's truck come down Clement's lane and go inside the church, and the lead was loaded on the truck, and two men drew the lead away of those two coffins that I had selected out, and some lots of lead and copper remaining in a large chest at the bottom of the vault went away at the same time on the truck. They went down Fleet street, through Temple bar.

"*Mr. Vernon.* When the lead was taken away, do you know what became of the wooden coffins and the bodies?—The remains were put into a basket, and next morning there was a hole dug on the south side of the churchyard, and the body was put down there without any thing on it.

"*Chairman.* Is it the common practice to break up the wooden coffins?—Yes, it is the common practice of late; because the ground has been so full, that in fact you cannot get a grave without doing it.

"If you come to a coffin lately put in, how do you cut through it?—If we come to one that is very fresh we can tell by a searcher; but frequently we come to one that feels very soft with the searcher; but when we get on it the coffin is full, and then we are compelled to cut through it to make way for the coffin that is coming.

"What do you do with the remains?—The remains are put down at the bottom of the grave, and the coffin that is coming is put on it.

"The remains are put at the bottom without any coffin?—Yes; there is just a small piece of ground put over to hide it."

Bartholomew Lyons, grave-digger of St. Anne's, Soho.

"How do you manage, when you descend one of these deep graves, to avoid what you have stated affects you so much?—First, we put down a long ladder, twenty feet six inches long, and I go down first myself; I go down as far as I can to see if I feel anything of the effect of the foul air; and if I go down and feel it coming, and I have got a funeral to bury, I burn it out, so that I can go down.

"What do you mean by burning it out?—We have got something similar to a plumber's stove, what the plumbers have in the street, and I make that full of shavings and

wood, and make a strong fire, and gradually lower it down into the grave by degrees till the foul air catches hold. The foul air, when it is strong, will put it out, and I pull it up again till I get it a-light again, and so I go on till I get it under, and when I get it under, I chuck a lot of shavings in and set fire to it, and there let it burn till it burns out, and then I go down myself and get the earth out as quick as possible.

"Do you usually find this gas and foul air coming to you from other coffins on each side of you?—At times, very soon after I have burnt it out, I shall have to burn it out again.

"And if you were to stay there, what would be the effect?—It would kill me, or any one else."

Here is an incident that equals anything in Euripides.

"In digging this depth and taking away the wood of these coffins, has it ever occurred to you that any bodies have fallen upon you?—I never had one in a deep grave, but I had one once; before I was there a man of the name of Fox had the ground; I succeeded him; he is now dead; he was a bad character; he is dead about three weeks. I dug a grave on a Sunday evening on purpose to get ready for the Monday; that Sunday evening, and it rained, I was strange in the ground at that time; and when I went on Monday morning I finished my work, and I was trying the length of the grave to see if it was long enough and wide enough, so that I should not have to go down again, and while I was in there the ground gave way and a body turned right over, and the two arms came and clasped me round the neck; she had gloves on and stockings and white flannel inside, and what we call a shift, but no head.

"The body came tumbling upon you?—Yes, just as I was kneeling down; it was a very stout body, and the force that she came with knocked my head against a body underneath, and I was very much frightened at the time.

"You were at the bottom of the grave, and as you were digging at the bottom, the body of this woman without a head fell upon you?—Yes.

"From the side?—Yes, from the side.

"Out of the coffin?—It had never been in a coffin; it is supposed that they took the head off for the purpose of sale.

"How long had this body been interred?



—Not long; because the clothes upon her appeared to be quite fresh.

“Do you believe that the lead of the coffins has been taken away?—I cannot say any thing as to myself, as I never did anything of the sort myself; but the man that is dead has done most wonderful things in the vaults; he stripped the lead off the coffins in the vaults; he has been the biggest brute of any grave-digger in this earth, and he suffered for it at last; he died in the Strand Union Workhouse at last; he died actually rotten.

“What salary do you get?—Eighteen shillings a-week, and then of course there is a little what we call pickings-up, perquisites; may be 10s. a-week.

“Still you would give up the situation if you could get anything else?—If I could get anything with half the money; my wife has been making home-baked bread, and we now find that we have got enough, so that by persevering a little we shall be able to get our living, so that I am about to leave in a fortnight or so.”

Mr. George Whittaker an intelligent undertaker confirms much of the foregoing evidence generally. He says all the churchyards in the metropolis are in a very dreadful state, and that the gas which issues from a coffin is of the most deadly quality, while it is so powerful that it will raise all the lids of a treble coffin and burst them.

“I once,” says he, “after many attempts, got some gas from a coffin in the vaults of St. Clement Danes. I bored a hole through the lid of a coffin; I then held an Indian rubber bottle to the hole until it was quite full. This was from a coffin buried eight years. I tried some time after again, and I was nearly killed.”

The gas that Whittaker obtained he took to Mr. Walker, a neighbouring surgeon, who had requested him to procure it; but Mr. Walker states that he was obliged, in consequence of the intolerable stench, to pass it through water, instead of through mercury, not having his process ready; he therefore lost a great deal of it, but it made its way through the house in two minutes, and actually forced some relatives who were in one of the highest floors to run out of doors. This gas differs from ordinary gases, there being animal matter suspended in it. The first bubble that passed through the water left a greasy pellicle on the surface; Mr. Walker was very glad to get rid of it, but it

made him so ill that he kept his bed for a week afterwards. The gas generates as soon as decomposition takes place, and it will retain its virulence for a thousand years if confined; but no covering of earth, wood, iron, stone, or lead is a security against it.

So much for the details of churchyards and grave-digging in London. It is not too much to infer from this, that the practice of all resemble those which we have already described. Mr. Walker a medical practitioner in Drury lane, affirms that the emanations are poisonous to those living in the neighbourhood of the metropolitan churchyards.

He has devoted a meritorious attention to this subject, and repeats, in a variety of forms, his conviction that the burial of the dead in every one of these places is injurious to the living. We have underlined some passages for the purpose of impressing on the aristocracy, who in the parts referred to have their own world, that they are just as much in danger as the poor man in Limehouse; the vaults and yards in all the fashionable churches, whether for marriage or prayer, being crowded often to within six inches of the surface.

It is as bad as anywhere else next door to the Queen, Lords, and Commons in Parliament assembled, as appears from the following extract from the ‘Lancet’ for June 13th, 1840:—

“William Green, a grave digger, while employed in his vocation in the churchyard of St. Margaret, Westminster, was suddenly seized with faintness, excessive chilliness, giddiness, and inability to move his limbs. He was seen to fall, removed home, and his usual medical attendant was sent for. The poor fellow’s impression was that ‘he should never leave his bed alive; he was struck with death.’ He was subsequently removed to the hospital, where he died in a few days. No hope was entertained, from the first, of his recovery. Mr. B., the medical attendant, was seized with *precisely the same symptoms*. He was attended by me. I apprehended, from the first, a fatal result; he died four days after the decease of the grave digger. The fatal effects of this miasm did not end here; the *servant was seized* on the day after the death of her master, and she sank in a few days. There can be no doubt that the *effluvia from the grave* was the cause of the death of these three individuals. The total inefficiency, in the three cases, of

all remedial means showed the great power of the virus, or miasm, over the animal economy from the commencement of the attack.—(Signed) J. C. ATKINSON, surgeon, Romney terrace, Westminster.”

Let it be remembered that if this cadaverous gas comes into undiluted contact with the lungs of a man for an instant, his life is in the most imminent danger, and his health may be destroyed for ever. No length of time can be a warrant that a coffin does not contain this gas. Mr. Walker states that a short time ago a portion of the old graveyard of St. Clement's in the Strand, was dug up to make a sewer, which was much needed in that neighbourhood. One of the men employed struck his pickaxe into a coffin; the body it contained had been buried in the year 1789; the gas was clearly perceptible—it issued from the coffin like the stream from a teapot spout, and the stench was insufferable.

When the republicans of Paris were plundering and devastating the vaults of the Kings of France, in the church of Saint Deny, a gas issued from the coffin of Francis I., the contemporary of our Henry VIII., of so dreadful a nature that it nearly killed the depredators; nor would they venture near the Royal corpse again for some days.

“It has been vainly thought,” says Dr. Farran, of Dublin, in a letter to the Chairman, “that when the body has been committed to the tomb all disease will moulder with it. We have many instances to prove the contrary to be the case: even when it has lain for years, and returned to its kindred dust, on being disturbed and exposed to the air, the disease springs up, renovated as it were by the rest it enjoyed in the grave, to recommence its havoc. We have the example which Eyam affords; in this place the plague broke out afresh from the inadvertent opening of a grave, after a repose of ninety-one years, and cut off to the extent of four-fifths of the inhabitants of a populous town.”

It will be observed by some that this gas, especially carbonic acid, though undoubtedly mortal in its undiluted state, is still heavy and sluggish, and keeps about the graveyards. This certainly is its tendency; but the grave diggers will not let it alone—they force it into circulation.

The Chairman of the Committee asks—

“Is it only that gas which evaporates in air which you consider to be noxious to the population?”

Mr. Walker answers—

“Undoubtedly the heavy gases also become diffused, are mixed with the atmosphere, and breathed by the dwellers in the locality, or those passing by. In very many graveyards they are obliged, when they dig deep graves (and in most instances they are compelled to do this,) to throw down lighted straw, or paper, or shavings, or water, to absorb the gases before they descend. Thus these gases are rarefied, driven up, and diffused in the atmosphere, and the next current of air may pass them into the street or into a house. There are many places I am acquainted with in the vicinity of a graveyard where they cannot keep their windows open in warm weather. I consider this a source of illness in the metropolis.”

We have now taken a pretty fair survey of the burial-grounds of the metropolis. We have omitted the names of several; but it is enough to repeat that the condition of them all is horrible, atrocious to the dead and dangerous to the living. Colonel Acton, Mr. Ainsworth, and Colonel Fox, members of the Committee, visited Enon chapel and some of the burial-grounds about Lincoln's inn fields, in company with Dr. Walker, after his first testimony, and from what they saw, but still more from what they felt was *concealed* from them, they assured their honourable colleagues that they might rely on his testimony as not at all exaggerated. The specific amount of injury done by this state of things to the health of the population cannot, of course, be precisely stated; but the general opinions of Dr. Walker, who seems to have more practically investigated this question than any of his contemporaries, are confirmed by the testimony of other eminent authorities.

We have already overloaded our pages with evidences of the condition of the metropolis, allowing every possible deduction for the influence which bad ventilation, dirty and crowded houses, lanes, streets, and alleys, obstructed sewers, uncleansed privies, bad feeding, and filthy personal habits must have upon the health of the inhabitants, if there were not a corpse buried within ten miles of London.

We may cut short our dismal tour of inspection, and proceed at once to consider the immediate and prospective *remedies* that have been discussed by the Committee.

The first class of remedies is merely mitigative and temporary, not interfering with

vested rights, and so far easy, but running contrary to popular prejudice, pride, and human affections, and therefore very difficult of execution.

The first evil in the present system of treating the dead is, that the corpse is kept in the house of the family much too long. This fault extends through all classes, but to an excess amongst the poor.

This great preliminary evil can only be effectually checked by an Act of Parliament compelling the interment of a corpse within a period of from twenty-four hours to six days, according to the nature of the disease or accident that had produced death. It is as reasonable that Parliament should interfere on this point as that it should have done so in the enactment enjoining the burial of the dead in woollen, and commanding that the depth of a grave shall not be less than five feet. The grave diggers, however, seem to treat this latter law as a "dead letter." The new restriction could be easily carried into operation in towns by the addition of a medical supervising officer to the local division of police, and of course by the attaching heavy penalties to cases of non-compliance.

The next proposed improvement is in the fabric of the coffins;—the desideratum being not that they should be better, but that they should be *worse* than those now in use. Mr. Walker says,—

"I think there is a great deal of unnecessary expense as to coffins. The French are wiser than we. They seldom pay more than five or seven francs for a coffin.\* The public will perhaps think that they do a very clever thing in putting the body of their friend into a leaden coffin, but it is not the least protection. The elm is more durable when in the ground than deal; therefore it is desirable that deal should be substituted for elm. The coffin should be as light as possible. The cheap French coffin is made of the pine. It is exceedingly similar to an orange chest, in the form of a roof to the top. The city mark is placed on it."

This intelligent witness adds, that a body placed in an ordinary coffin will be decomposed in seven years. The inference is that in the lighter proposed deal coffin decomposition would be much quicker. An elm

coffin placed in moist ground will last for a great number of years. Dr. Navier, a French physician, states that upon examining three bodies, one at seven, another at eleven, and another at twenty years after interment, he found them all in a state of active putrefaction. In dry, well-ventilated vaults, as in St. Patrick's, Dublin, and the cathedral at Vienna, bodies become mummies, and endure longer than any coffin.

As long as we must have burials near a dense population, and in grounds over-occupied, it is admitted that the introduction of every method that can accelerate decomposition will be a public advantage. Next to the light coffins comes the consideration of quick lime as an agent of dissolution. The committee frequently advert to the Neapolitan plan, and ask whether a modification of it would be practicable here? The practice referred to is one of the wonders of Naples, and is carried on at the Campo Santo, which is situated outside the city, looking towards Mount Vesuvius, and is used exclusively for the burial of the poor. A low wall encloses a quadrangular area, which contains three hundred and sixty-five deep pits, one for every day in the year, each covered with a slab, to the centre of which is fastened a massive iron ring. When the anniversary of one of these holes arrives the slab is removed; in the evening come one or two carts laden with the bodies of the poor. They are brought without clothes or coffin, or distinction of sex, but thrown and pressed over each other with infinitely less care than a farmer would bestow on the carriage of half-a-dozen dead pigs to market. Two or three athletic brutes, almost naked too, are engaged in pulling the corpses out of the cart. Each assistant sets the body on his shoulder, or sometimes astride on both his shoulders, according to its weight and size, and then, trotting to the mouth of the pit, bends his neck, and allows the burthen to fall over, exactly as a porter at the wharf's dispatches a sack of grain. When the last of the dead is flung in, an immense quantity of quick lime is thrown over the bodies. The dark cavern is then closed up, and, when it is again opened that day twelvemonth, nothing is seen but a heap of bones at the bottom!

Mr. Walker says, "I do not think the public would submit to that; I think the old Roman plan of burning would be preferable." Unquestionably. But as to the practicability of a modification of the plan, there

\* Mr. Harker, undertaker, of St. Stephen's, Coleman street, states the cheapest coffin, made for a grown person, to cost about 14s.; that is for elm, but a slight deal coffin could be made for 9s. or 10s.



is considerable difference of opinion amongst the witnesses. Colonel Fox asks—

“Might not that objection be obviated by doing it in a more decent manner than it is done at Naples?—Mr. Walker; I think it might; the English are a very sensible people, and they might be brought to anything reasonable.”

Dr. Copeland thinks the opposition to the introduction of quick lime into and about coffins would not be material; the practice would be beneficial. But Dr. Bowring doubts this:—

“In Portugal, where, generally speaking, quick lime is used for the purpose of destroying the corpses of the dead, I recollect some of the churchyards in the city were exceedingly offensive.”

If lime be laid on the exterior of the coffin the effect on the corpse will be little or nothing; but quick lime neutralizes the carbonic acid gas: for the purpose of neutralizing other gases the chloride of lime is best. The fact is, quick lime is already used in most, if not all, of the metropolitan graveyards. Mr. Whittaker says it is merely strewed or intermixed with the ground, or the sides of the coffin are taken out and the lime is strewn over the body. We have had repeated evidence that it has been in abundant use in Enon chapel. Quick lime, as an accelerative, is too slow, and, as a neutralizer, a mere palliative when brought to act upon the immense amount of mortality which our grounds and vaults contain.

The next immediate partial remedy suggested is, that the bodies should be buried side by side, and not one over the other, as is the present practice. Mr. Walker observes:—

“I have examined upwards of ninety graveyards, and am decidedly of opinion that coffins should be placed side by side, even as a matter of economy, and not as they are in Barbican and other places, where they have twenty or twenty-five bodies in one grave. We have had the old graveyard of St. Clement's turned up within these few days, and given to the street; this was necessary, for the purpose of a sewer; the stench was abominable, though it is forty years since that was used as a graveyard; if that place had been opened in the summer, it might have produced an epidemic.

It cannot be denied that the institution of suburban cemeteries has, in some slight de-

gree, checked the practices of which we complain; but their benefit is hardly sensible—in fact, the inadequacy of what they have done, or can do, only demonstrates the enormous extent and inveteracy of the present means of burial, and the necessity of the Legislature stepping in as the only power able to afford us general relief and protection. Most of the cemeteries established out of town are joint-stock speculations, and we do not see why we should speak more harshly of this kind of scrip than of any other; we must give them credit for every advantage they offer, and then remember that the shareholders are as anxious for the public accommodation, and their own, as are the “honourable proprietors” of any railway or steam-packet company, or, in short, of any other undertaking. The Highgate cemetery is beautifully situated; but Sydney Smith says we use for our tea the water that percolates through it. Mr. Walker observes, that the Kensal-green cemetery is flanked by a canal, “and here they follow the very objectionable practice of placing several bodies in one grave.” The Rev. Mr. Knapp fears that some of the cemeteries will soon be too near London, as they are already beginning to be built round. The situation of the Norwood cemetery seems among the best; but we are not sure whether it is consecrated. Mr. Walker thinks cemeteries ought not to be nearer than two miles to town; Dr. Knapp thinks five miles; but a preference should be given to an elevated situation, as there the gases would pass off with the currents of air.

It is admitted then, on all hands, that burials in towns should cease, that cemeteries should be established outside towns, and that Government ought to take the question into its own hands.

How discreditable to this country is the difference between the English and the Egyptian fashion of legislating on this subject! We find the following interesting narrative in the evidence of Colonel Patrick Campbell, late British consul-general at Alexandria:—

“I was resident at Alexandria at the time the different burial places were removed out of the town. For each religion there was a separate burial-place; a Protestant burying-place, a Roman Catholic burying-place, a Greek Church burying-place, a Jewish burying-place, a Mohammedan burying-place, and an Armenian burying-place; in fact, every sect in the country had a burying-place within the walls of Alexandria; and

indeed the Turks had several burial-places, which were easily known by the marble tombs; they generally put up a different kind of turban, according to the position of the person buried. And in the year 1835, after the severe plague, or towards the early part of 1836, I was talking to Mahomet Ali one day about it; he asked, whether any means could be adopted to remove the burial places: whether I thought it would be advantageous? At that time the Roman Catholic burying-ground was completely burthened with dead inside the walls of the town, exceedingly offensive. I told the Pacha I thought there was plenty of space out of the town, one or two miles from the town, and that it would be easily arranged with the consent of the heads of the different religions, to remove the burying-places, or prevent further burials going on in Alexandria; and immediately he sent the chief of police to me. I was at that time president of what was called the Board of Ornament, which Mahomet Ali begged me to take charge of, for the improvement of the streets. Some of the streets were very narrow—very many buildings irregularly placed. I was perpetual resident. Mr. Thurburn, who was British consul at Alexandria; Mr. Harris, the principal British merchant; and the Greek consul-general, and another consul-general; the Turkish head of police; the Turkish president of the Tribunal of Commerce, and the Turkish military engineer. There was the chief civil engineer, an Italian; and we took everything of that kind into our own hands. The Pacha sent the chief of police to me; I told him to take the civil engineer, who was paid by the Pacha for attending on the board, and go to the chiefs of the different religions, and arrange with them about having their burials out of the town. The Turkish burying-ground was taken to Pompey's Pillar, and the others towards the Rosetta gate, about a mile off the road, and a mile and a half or two miles out of the town; each company fixed on their own burying-ground, and the ground was given up to them, and since that no bodies have been interred within the walls of Alexandria; and many of the numerous Turkish burying-places have been lately built on, so that the town has been very much improved."

As plans and suggestions innumerable will be brought forward respecting the kind and modification of cemetery that would best promote the object, it would not be fair here

to pass by in silence the project of Mr. Wilson in 1830. He objected altogether to the principle of burying the dead within the surface of the earth, as, upon this plan, if suitable accommodation were provided for every corpse, the result must be the usurpation of large and valuable tracts of land, which would be better occupied by tillage or the recreations of the community. This objection particularly applied to the case of London. Instead of a superficial-burying place, he therefore proposed a pyramid cemetery:—

"A metropolitan cemetery on a scale commensurate with the necessities of the largest city in the world, embracing prospectively the demands of centuries, sufficiently capacious to receive FIVE MILLIONS OF THE DEAD, where they may repose in perfect security, without interfering with the comfort, the health, the business, or the pursuits of the living."

This stupendous structure would occupy eighteen acres, but was intended to afford accommodation equal to one thousand acres of churchyard. The great pyramid of Gizeh would be no longer one of the wonders of the world, as Mr. Wilson's would far surpass its magnitude. The design of this Babylonian work covered a base as large as the area of Russell square, and towered twice as high as St. Paul's cross; four cyclopean flights of stairs ascending from the pavement to the pinnacle. The whole mass was to be faced with square blocks of granite, and surmounted by a plain characteristic obelisk, having a circular stone staircase, and terminating in an astronomical observatory. The inclosure surrounding the pyramid would contain several acres beyond its base, which might be tastefully laid out for the reception of cenotaphs and monuments. Next there were to be within the walls a small plain chapel and a register office; also four neat dwellings for the keeper, the clerk, the sexton, and the superintendent. There were to be four terrace-walks along the four walls, each angle crowned with a watch-tower. The approach would be through a lofty Egyptian portal.

The estimate of the expense was *two millions and a half*;—a startling sum in the days when the cost of the London and Birmingham railway was unknown; but assuming the annual number of interments to be thirty thousand, and the accommodation for each to be 5*l.*, the income of the pyramid would be 150,000*l.*, or fifteen millions

in one hundred years!—thus saving not less than 12,500,000*l.*, of the public money in the short space of a century—and what signifies a century in the progress of a work designed for eternal duration, or for a period as long as the earth shall endure! However, the pyramid cemetery, instead of rearing its gloomy mountain-side into the clouds, and casting the shadow of death over every part of London in succession in the course of the day, exists only upon paper: the dividends were too remote, and joint-stock people would not wait one hundred years for one hundred per cent; though doubtless some of those gentlemen have since invested their money in Spanish scrip and in the stocks of the New World, to see a return of interest or principal from which they will have to live at least a thousand years.

The impression made upon the Parliamentary Committee is contained in the resolutions added to their Report. Having recognised the necessity of protecting the rights of the parochial clergy, whose chief source of income is in some cases derived from fees received from interments, the Committee inform the House that they have resolved:—

“1. That the practice of interment within the precincts of large towns is injurious to the inhabitants thereof, and frequently offensive to public decency.

“2. That in order to prevent or diminish the evil of this practice, it is expedient to pass an Act of Parliament.

“3. That legislation upon the subject be, in the first instance, confined to the metropolis, and to certain other towns or places the population of which respectively at the last census exceeded fifty thousand.

“4. That burials be absolutely prohibited, after a certain date, within the limits of such towns or places, except in the case of family vaults already existing, the same partaking of the nature of private property, and being of limited extent.

“5. That certain exceptions, as applying to eminent public characters, be likewise admitted with regard to Westminster Abbey and to St. Paul's.

“6. That certain exceptions be likewise admitted with regard to some cemeteries of recent construction, according to special local circumstances, to be hereafter determined.

“7. That within the dates which may be specified the parochial authorities in such towns or places be empowered and required to impose a rate for the purpose of forming

cemeteries at a certain distance from the same.

“8. That a power be given to the parochial authorities of two or more parishes or townships of the same town to combine, if they think proper, for the same cemetery.

“9. That a *minimum* of distance be fixed for such cemeteries, from the motive that leads to their establishment—the public health; and that the *maximum* of distance be likewise fixed, so as to secure the lower classes, as far as possible, from the hardship of loss of time, or weariness in proceeding to a great distance to attend the funerals of their relatives.

“10. That the parochial authorities be responsible for the due and decent administration of each burial within the new cemeteries, in the same manner as they now are within the present churchyards; and that, on the other hand, they be entitled to the same amount of fees on each burial as they at present receive.

“11. That due provision be made for the perpetual possession by the parishes or townships of the ground on which the cemeteries shall be made.

“12. That due space be reserved, without consecration, and within the limits of the intended cemeteries, for the separate burials of such persons or classes of persons as may be desirous of such separation.

“13. That no fees from any such burials in unconsecrated ground be payable to any ministers of the Church of England.

“14. That, subject to the conditions expressed in the tenth and thirteenth resolutions, arrangements be made to equalise as far as possible the total amount of fees payable on burials within the same cemetery, whether in the consecrated or the unconsecrated ground.

“15. That considering the difficulty of fixing the same date for the prohibition of burials within the limits of different towns, or the same distance for the construction of the new cemeteries, and the importance of having reference to various local circumstances, it does not appear desirable to observe in all cases an uniform rule in these respects, but that the time and manner of applying the principles set forth in the foregoing resolutions should be entrusted either to some department of the Government, or to a board of superintendence, to be constituted by the Act of Parliament.

“16. That the duty of framing and in-



roducing a bill on the principles set forth in the foregoing resolutions, would be most efficiently discharged by her Majesty's Government, and that it is earnestly recommended to them by the Committee."

Here we may appropriately conclude our paper. The facts and opinions which we have collected show the true state of our burial grounds, and demonstrate the necessity of a change for the sake of health, decency, and convenience. The members of the committee are entitled to the gratitude of society for the diligence and fortitude with which they performed their repelling task. Through their valuable labours we may trust soon to arrive at the time when the living shall be no longer scandalized, and the dead may rest in peace.

J.

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From Tait's Magazine.

#### THE PERILS OF THE NATION.

*An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes.* London: Seeley, Burnside, & Seeley.

THE author of this singular book may be described as a prosaic, matter-of-fact, or "coat-and-waistcoat" Carlyle—Carlyle without his robes, his attitudes, his rolling cataract of words, the clouds of incense in which he involves himself, and the divining-rod with which he alternately astonishes and menaces his auditory; and we must also add, without his genius and eloquence. The author of *The Perils of the Nation* has most carefully exhibited the condition of the nation by the Daguerreotype process, where Mr. Carlyle dashes off his pictures with a few bold Martinic lines filled up with vague, flitting, horrible shadows of coming events, veiled in portentous blackness. The substance of their respective appeals is the same; the style as opposite as the poles. Both are called for by the times: both must produce a good effect. The author of *The Perils* grounds his arguments on facts drawn from Parliamentary reports, and other authentic sources. He takes, as a starting-note, a sentence of Lord Ashley's late awful speech, and after some pertinent prefatory remarks, comes to his chapters—"England's Power and Weakness—Wealth and Peril," "The Manufacturing Poor," the "Mining Poor," the "Commercial Poor," the "Agricultural Poor," the "Selfish Principle," "Taking

care of Number One," "Pauperism," "Want of sanitary regulations," "Education," &c. &c. And next, the remedies are proposed, where, if the great principle, assumed and inculcated, of doing as we would be done by, were kept in view, none would be required. As to details, he would have sanitary regulations, good education for the poor, moral training, church extension, more efficient pastoral care—but only by the Church of England—and a better Poor Law. But as we cannot fully detail the objects of the work, we shall go no further than to say, that with strong prejudices, and even bigoted notions on many points, the author displays much benevolent feeling and sound Christian morality. The feeling is always better than the judgment.

The volume is also of value, as it brings within reasonable compass a view derived from undisputable facts, of the wretched condition of the poor of England, and of the besetting errors and vices of the middle class.

As poor specimens of what, with all its errors, we must esteem a useful and well-timed book, we select these passages from the chapter contending for Parliamentary interference with what are considered private affairs, and repudiating what Mr. Carlyle calls *Laissez faire*.

Among those who are interested in upholding the present state of things, we often hear of an infringement of constitutional liberty, if Parliament shall presume to interfere. On the assumption, that in this country a man may do whatsoever he will with his own, some would uphold the English husband's right to condemn his wife to the drudgery of a beast of burden, to probable prostitution, and no less probable death;—an English father's right to cripple and destroy his infants by selling them to such toil as their tender bodies are incapable of enduring, and to shut out from their minds every ray of knowledge, human or divine;—an English master's right to use his hired servants with a cruelty more withering than that beneath which the African slave formerly groaned; binding them under the yoke, by exhibiting as the penalty of their refusing to earn a scanty meal at so grinding a price, the certainty of imprisonment in a Union workhouse, divorced from every natural tie, unless they prefer starving in the midst of their famishing family. Of such rights as these, the persons in question are very tenacious; and extremely sensitive of the least approach

to infringement on chartered liberties; but the legislature has a higher duty to perform, than sanctioning this licentious abuse of our national birthright, freedom.

The House of Commons consists of a certain number of gentlemen, sent thither by their respective constituencies, as being in their judgment best qualified to represent them. Their duty is to take a comprehensive view of all national matters, and so to apply legal checks, encouragements, and regulations, as shall in the view of the majority, best conduce to the well-being of the people. They are sworn to the right discharge of these and other well-defined duties; and the conscientious performance of their oath is the paramount obligation. . . . One portion of the community has been encroaching on another, until the latter have not means to live, and scarcely room to die. To mask the true source of the anomalous evil, a cry is raised of "surplus population," and this surplus is always, by some fatality, found to exist among the poor. In the peerage, we may find instances of a dozen or fifteen children, and nobody ventures to call them "surplus;" they are rightly and scripturally regarded as a blessing: but let a labouring man admit the fact of having half as many mouths to satisfy, and they are all "surplus:" and preventive checks, and moral restraints (the latter being the most glaring abuse of language that ever was perpetrated) are talked of.

#### FEMALE MANUFACTURERS.

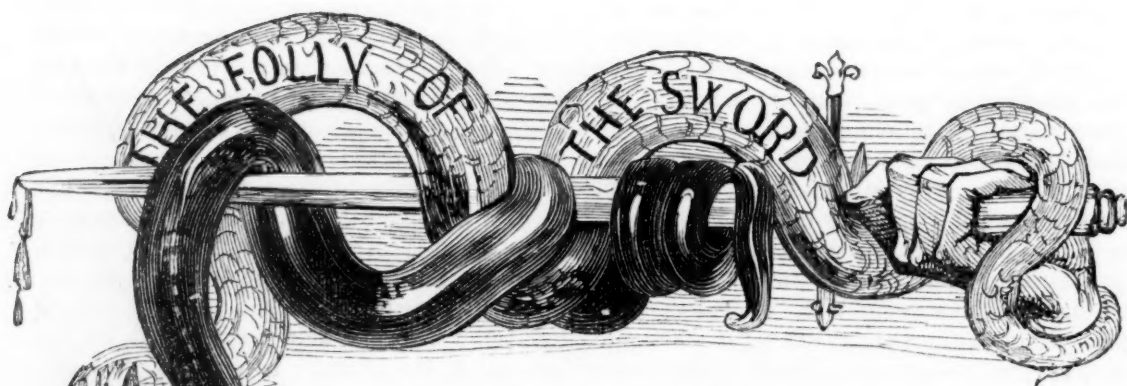
Marriages are formed, despite the universal licentiousness that seems to set the sacred tie at defiance; and the young wife enters upon her domestic duties wholly unacquainted with, and unfitted for, their performance. Her morals *may* have escaped the practical pollution of the mass, her mind cannot have continued undefiled in the daily hearing and seeing of such abominations; and she becomes, if the injuries sustained by the crippling nature of her employment have not incapacitated her from child-bearing, the mother of infants whom she knows not to train otherwise than upon factory principles; who are probably doomed, as soon as their little limbs shall have gained sufficient strength for the lightest description of labour, to be driven to the same shambles, and sacrificed to the same golden idol as their parents were. The man, meanwhile, finding no household fireside rendered pleasant in its poverty by female neatness, and good management, cheer-

fulness and love, betakes himself to the gin-shop, or the Chartist meeting, to be wrought up by fiery potations and fiery harangues, to the pitch necessary for whatsoever evil work lies before him; whether it be in the dens of grovelling sensuality, or in scenes where the murderer whets his weapon, and the incendiary trims his torch.

A letter received last summer from a large town in Yorkshire, said, "Three years ago, at the opening of the morning, you might have seen flocking into our town, from the hamlets adjacent, more than seven hundred men, who were regularly employed in the factories of the place. You would now see them no longer; but in their room you would see seven hundred *women*, leaving the husbands unemployed, and their infants without female care, and all thronging to do that very work which formerly gave occupation and a maintenance to their husbands. I need not explain, that the wages they receive are far lower, the condition of their families far more miserable, and that the saving thus effected by their employers is the sole cause of this deplorable change."

From Birmingham, one of the most energetic and well-informed of the clergy writes to the same effect. Even in the heavy and laborious metallic works of that place, female labour is rapidly superseding that of the men. The cause is quite obvious. A woman may be offered ten or twelve shillings a-week, when a male artisan would expect twenty or twenty-four. Hence vast numbers of the men have, within the last two or three years, been dismissed, and their wives taken on, to do *the same work* at lower wages. The operation of the change is deplorable. The man remains bound to the spot, because it is *there* that his wife is earning a poor subsistence for himself and the children. Yet he—there being hundreds in the same circumstances, finds it quite impossible to get *any* employment. He lounges about the streets, or at the door of the beer-shop, or tries in vain to supply a mother's place to the miserable and crying children; till, exhausted in the vain attempt, he is driven forth into the streets, a fit instrument for Chartist or Socialist agitators. Meanwhile the woman becomes brutalized by her toil, and by workshop society, and cares only, when she returns home at night, for the recruiting her exhausted strength and spirits by such means as her poor earnings will afford.

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BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

From the Illuminated Magazine.

AY we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show—a saddening, miserable spectacle! We will not take him to a prison, a work-house, a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desolate perplexity; but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong, and perpetuated by folly. We will show him the embryo mischief that, in due season, shall be born in the completeness of its terror, and shall be christened with a sounding name, Folly and Wickedness standing sponsors.

We are in St. James's Park. The royal standard of England burns in the summer air—the queen is in London. We pass the palace, and in a few paces are in Birdcage Walk. There, reader, is the miserable show we promised you. There are some fifty recruits, drilled by a sergeant to do homicide cleanly, handsomely. In Birdcage Walk, Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How very beautiful is the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken our thoughts of the bounteousness of this teeming world. Here, in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of surrounding London—even here, nature, constant in her beauty,

blooms and smiles, uplifting the heart of man, if the heart be his to own her.

Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your bosom still expanding with gratitude to nature, for the blessings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's work managed like a machine, to slay the image of God—to stain the teeming earth with homicidal blood—to fill the air with howling anguish! Is not yonder row of clowns a melancholy sight? Yet are they the sucklings of Glory—the baby mighty ones of a future Gazette. Reason beholds them with a deep pity. Imagination magnifies them into fiends of wickedness. There is carnage about them, carnage, and the pestilential vapours of the slaughtered. What a fine looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, nine times out of ten, but Murder in uniform? Cain, taken the sergeant's shilling?

And now we hear the fifes and drums of her majesty's grenadiers. They pass on the other side; and a crowd of idlers, their hearts jumping to the music, their eyes dazzled, and their feelings perverted, hang about the march, and catch the infection—the love of glory! And true wisdom thinks of the world's age, and sighs at its slow advance in all that really dignifies man, the truest dignity being the truest love for his fellow. And then hope and a faith in human progress contemplate the pageant, its real ghastliness disguised by outward glare and frippery, and know the day will come when the symbols of war will be as the sacred beasts



of old Egypt—things to mark the barbarism of by-gone war; melancholy records of the past perversity of human nature.

We can imagine the deep-chested laughter—the look of scorn that would annihilate, and then the small compassion—of the Man of War, at this, the dream of folly, or the wanderings of an inflamed brain. Yet, oh, man of war! at this very moment are you shrinking, withering, like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered thing you were; and then that little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding INK, even whilst you look at it and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of rust into your sword.

That a man should kill a man, and rejoice in the deed—nay gather glory from it—is the act of the wild animal. The force of muscle and dexterity of limb, which make the wild man a conqueror, are deemed in savage life man's highest attributes. The creature, whom in the pride of our Christianity we call heathen and spiritually desolate, has some personal feeling in the strife—he kills his enemy, and then, making an oven of hot stones, bakes his dead body, and, for crowning satisfaction, eats it. His enemy becomes a part of him; his glory is turned to nutriment; and he is content. What barbarism! Field-marschals sicken at the horror; nay, troopers shudder at the tale, like a fine lady at a toad.

In what, then, consists the prime evil? In the murder, or the meal? Which is the most hideous deed—to kill a man, or to cook and eat the man when killed?

But softly, there is no murder in the case. The craft of man has made a splendid ceremony of homicide—has invested it with dignity. He slaughters with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets braying. He kills according to method, and has worldly honours for his grim handiwork. He does not, like the unchristian savage, carry away with him mortal trophies from the skulls of his enemies. No; the alchemy or magic of authority turns his well-won scalps into epaulets, or hangs them in stars and crosses at his button-hole; and then, the battle over—the dead not eaten, but carefully buried—and the maimed and mangled howling in hospitals—the meek Christian warrior marches to church, and reverently folding his sweet and spotless hands, sings *Te*

*Deum*. Angels waft his fervent thanks to God, to whose footstool—on his own faith—he has so lately sent his shuddering thousands. And this spirit of destruction working within him is canonized by the craft and ignorance of men, and worshipped as glory? And this religion of the sword—this dazzling heathenism, that makes a pomp of wickedness—seizes and distracts us, even on the threshold of life. Swords and drums are our baby playthings; the types of violence and destruction are made the pretty pastime of our childhood; and as we grow older, the outward magnificence of the ogre Glory—his trappings and his trumpets, his privileges, and the songs that are shouted in his praise—ensnare the bigger baby to his sacrifice. Hence, slaughter becomes an exalted profession; the marked, distinguished employment of what, in the jargon of the world, is called a gentleman.

But for this craft operating upon this ignorance, who—in the name of outraged God—would become the hireling of the Sword? Hodge, poor fellow, enlists. He wants work; or he is idle, dissolute. Kept, by the injustice of the world, as ignorant as the farm-yard swine, he is the better instrument for the world's craft. His ear is tickled with the fife and drum; or he is drunk; or the sergeant—the lying valet of glory—tells a good tale, and already Hodge is a warrior in the rough. In a fortnight's time you may see him at Chatham; or, indeed, he was one of those we marked in Birdcage Walk. Day by day, the sergeant works at the block ploughman, and chipping and chipping, at length carves out a true, handsome soldier of the line. What knew Hodge of the responsibility of man? What dreams had he of the self-accountability of the human spirit? He is become the lackey of carnage, the liveried footman, at a few pence per day, of fire and blood. The musket-stock, which for many an hour he hugs—hugs in sulks and weariness—was no more a party to its present use, than was Hodge. That piece of walnut is the fragment of a tree which might have given shade and fruit for another century; homely, rustic people gathering under it. Now, it is the instrument of wrong and violence; the working tool of slaughter. Tree and man, are not their destinies as one?

And is Hodge alone of benighted mind? Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong which really and

truly crowns the man, king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses, to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection—does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken the shilling, and he knows the facings of his uniform.

When the born and bred gentleman, to keep to coined and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds or so, for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant idleness of the calling; it may be the bullion and glitter of the regimentals; or, devout worshipper, it may be an unquenchable thirst for glory. From the moment that his name stars the Gazette, what does he become? The bond-servant of war. Instantly, he ceases to be a judge between moral right and moral injury. It is his duty not to think, but to obey. He has given up, surrendered to another, the freedom of his soul: he has dethroned the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice: shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling bloodshed valour. He may be made, by the iniquity of those who use him, the burglar and the brigand; but glory calls him pretty names for his prowess, and the wicked weakness of the world shouts and acknowledges them. And is this the true condition of reasonable man? Is it by such means that he best vindicates the greatness of his mission here? Is he, when he most gives up the free motions of his own soul—is he then most glorious?

A few months ago, chance showed us a band of ruffians, who, as it afterwards appeared, were intent upon most desperate mischief. They spread themselves over the country, attacking, robbing, and murdering, all who fell into their hands. Men, women, and children, all suffered alike. Nor were the villains satisfied with this. In their wanton ruthlessness, they set fire to cottages, and tore up and destroyed plantations. Every footpace of their march was marked with blood and desolation.

Who were these wretches?—you ask. What place did they ravage? Were they not caught, and punished?

They were a part of the army of Africa; valourous Frenchmen, bound for Algiers, to cut Arab throats; and in the name of glory, and for the everlasting honour of France, to burn, pillage, and despoil; and all for national honour—all for glory!

But Glory cannot dazzle Truth. Does it not at times appear no other than a highwayman, with a pistol at a nation's breast? A burglar, with a crow-bar, entering a kingdom. Alas! in this world, there is no Old Bailey for nations. Otherwise, where would have been the crowned heads that divided Poland? Those felon monarchs, anointed to—steal? It is true, the historian claps the cut-purse conqueror in the dock, and he is tried by the jury of posterity. *He* is past the verdict, yet is not its damnatory voice lost upon generations. For thus is the world taught—albeit slowly taught—true glory; when that which passed for virtue is truly tested to be vile; when the hero is hauled from the car, and fixed for ever in the pillory.

But war brings forth the heroism of the soul: war tests the magnanimity of man. Sweet is the humanity that spares a fallen foe; gracious the compassion that tends his wounds, that brings even a cup of water to his burning lips. Granted. But is there not heroism of a grander mould?—The heroism of forbearance? Is not the humanity that refuses to strike, a nobler virtue than the late pity born of violence? Pretty is it to see the victor with salve and lint kneeling at his bloody trophy—a maimed and agonized fellow-man—but surely it had been better to withhold the blow, than to have been first mischievous, to be afterwards humane.

That nations, professing a belief in Christ, should couple glory with war, is monstrous blasphemy. Their faith, their professing faith, is—"love one another:" their practice is to—cut throats; and more, to bribe and hoodwink men to the wickedness, the trade of blood is magnified into a virtue. We pray against battle, and glorify the deeds of death. We say, beautiful are the ways of peace, and then cocker ourselves upon our perfect doings in the art of manslaying. Let us then cease to pay the sacrifice of admiration to the demon—War; let us not acknowledge him as a mighty and majestic principle, but, at the very best, a grim and melancholy necessity.

But there always has been—there always will be, war. It is inevitable; it is a part of the condition of human society. Man has always made glory to himself from the destruction of his fellow, and so it will continue. It may be very pitiable; would it were otherwise! But so it is, and there is no helping it.

Happily, we are slowly killing this destructive fallacy. A long breathing-time of peace has been fatal to the dread magnificence of glory. Science and philosophy—*povera e nuda filosofia!*—have made good their claims, inducing man to believe that he may vindicate the divinity of his nature otherwise than by perpetrating destruction. He begins to think there is a better glory in the communication of triumphs of mind, than in the clash of steel and roar of artillery. At the present moment, a society, embracing men of distant nations—"natural enemies," as the old, wicked cant of the old patriotism had it—is at work, plucking the plumes from Glory, unbracing his armour, and divesting the ogre of all that dazzled foolish and unthinking men, showing the rascal in his natural hideousness, in all his base deformity. Some, too, are calculating the cost of Glory's table: some showing what an appetite the demon has, devouring at a meal the substance of ten thousand sons of industry—yea, eating up the wealth of kingdoms. And thus, by degrees, are men beginning to look upon this god, Glory, as no more than a finely-trapped Sawney Bean—a monster and a destroyer—a nuisance; a noisy lie.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Life of Joseph Addison.* By Lucy Aikin. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1843.

SOME reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigour of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate that courteous Knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the Lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the cham-

pion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.\*

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing *Memoirs of the Reign of James the First*, have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject, or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail, shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors; but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different direction. She is better acquainted with Shakspeare and Raleigh, than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's, than among the Steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea-table at Hampton. She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age, because she had read much about it; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is, that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. Some of these errors we may perhaps take occasion to point out. But we have not time to point out one half of those which we have observed; and it is but too likely that we may not have observed all those which exist. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be

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\* *Orlando Furioso*, xlv. 68.



revised, and that every date and statement of fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer, that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly, in his favourite temple at Button's. But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced, that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts—free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio

pages in the "Biographia Britannica." Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen's College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; made some progress in learning; became, like most of his fellow-students, a violent Royalist; lampooned the heads of the university, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church, to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor-houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the Restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage-portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains; by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahomedans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the Polity and Religion of Barbary; and another on the Hebrew Customs, and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the royal chaplains, a doctor of divinity, archdeacon of Salisbury, and dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the Government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighbourhood, and was then sent to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks, do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring-out; and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was dis-

covered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste, and a stock of learning which would have done honour to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there, when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene College. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his Chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a Prince and in such a Minister, may justly excite amazement; and which had done more than even the prosecution of the Bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling: a Papist had been set over the society by a royal mandate: the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected: the venerable House was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the Princely Colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene, Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first, one of those scholars who are called *demies*; but was subse-

quently elected a fellow. His college is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favourite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings; by the shyness of his manners; and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later, the ancient Doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark, that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention, during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry; and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the Notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the *Metamorphoses*. Yet those notes, while they show him to have

been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if in the whole compass of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the third book of the *Metamorphoses*. Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced; but his quotations, with scarcely a single exception, are taken from Latin verse. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient Pye or Hayley. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic narrative of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus. On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description; or of the stern conciseness of the *Commentaries*; or of those letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alterations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages in Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the "*Treatise on Medals*." In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is quoted

from any Greek writer. No person who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his "*Essay on the Evidences of Christianity*." The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that Essay. He is, therefore, left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-Lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's "*Vortigern*;" puts faith in the lie about the thundering legion; is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods; and pronounces the letter of Agbarus King of Edessa to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter, from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow-labourers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page!

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that very few among them



could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Every body who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success; and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer, and the Bowling-Green, were applauded by hundreds, to whom the "Dissertation on the *Épistles of Phalaris*" was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favourite piece is the *Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies*; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humour which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his *Voyage to Lilliput* from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

"The Emperor," says Gulliver, "is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders."

About thirty years before Gulliver's travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:

"*Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert  
Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,  
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes  
Mole gigantea, mediamque exurgit in ulnam.*"

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury-Lane theatre. In his twenty-second year, he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden, who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montagu, who was then Chancellor of the

Exchequer, and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth *Georgic*, *Lines to King William*, and other performances of equal value; that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days, the public was in the habit of receiving with applause, pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize, or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favourite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle, or shoeing a horse; and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, and to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his "*Pastorals*" appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second—Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham—would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses; and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunell's mill, in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand, with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the *Æneid*:—

"This child our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite  
Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,  
She was last sister of that giant race  
That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of  
pace,  
And swifter far of wing, a monster vast

And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed  
On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes  
Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise  
In the report, as many tongues she wears."

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest:—

"O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led  
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,  
No greater wonders east or west can boast,  
Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.  
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,  
The current pass, and seek the further shore."

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them, as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rhymers who had any skill in it passed for a great poet; just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honoured with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the Georgics. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the *Æneid*, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth Georgic, by "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford." "After his bees," added Dryden, "my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving."\*

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Every thing seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits

\* Miss Aikin makes this compliment altogether unmeaning, by saying that it was paid to a translation of the second Georgic, (i. 30.)

were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honourable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montagu interfered. Montagu had first brought himself into notice by verses, well timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Roscommon, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added, that the wings which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of the fate of Charles Montagu, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but, as soon as he had descended from his ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the Lord Keeper Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event, the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long.

The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a Government which neglected such talents, might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montagu and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that, in a neighbouring country, we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The Revolution of July, 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the state. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition have been Professors, Historians, Journalists, Poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generation that followed the Revolution, was great; but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France has no Somerset and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was, what he continued to be through life, a firm, though a moderate Whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers; and had dedicated to Montagu a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhythm, on the peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of £300 a-year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Keeper. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene

College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The State—such was the purport of Montagu's letter—could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable. "I am called," said he, "an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

This interference was successful; and, in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montagu, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit-Cat club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Louis XIV. was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montagu. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Keeper, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. "The only return I can make to your Lordship," said Addison, "will be to apply myself entirely to my business." With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois; a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its high-



est purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an Abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the Abbé. A man who, when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the "Guardian," that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side-glance, which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and, having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malbranche, the other with Boileau. Malbranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the "Leviathan" a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to court or to the academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Louis XIV. what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua Reynolds, or at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the "Paradise Lost,"

and about "Absalom and Ahithophel;" but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. "Nothing," says he, "is better known of Boileau, than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation." Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which every thing else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Louis XIV. firmly and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable, that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederick the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederick the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century—after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates—could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson and

Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India, (the last of Dr. Robertson's works,) in Waverley, in Marston, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble *alcaics* of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says—"Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile." Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise any thing. He says, for example, of the *Père Fraguier's* epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin, is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins—

"Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,  
Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,  
Musa, jubes?"

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes*, and the *Gerano-Pygmæomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favourite theme much and well: indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the great Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise

bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover, in the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the Dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements both with Great Britain and with the States-General, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The house of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," said Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December 1700\* he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive-trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode—"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" which was long after published in the Spectator. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona,

\* It is strange that Addison should, in the first line of his travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or by Hurd.



and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the house of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked, by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him; and, in this position, he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he was drawn some miles out of the beaten road, by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town, were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed, with the ex-

ultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic, swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry; while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny, was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome, Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary, because the Holy Week was close at hand. He has given no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a Government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farm-house stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond-trees of Caprea. But neither the wonders of nature, nor those of art, could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip V. was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Arragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared



with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Arragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his *Freeholder*, the Tory fox-hunter asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples, Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favourite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenius, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the Providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October, that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favour of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat, talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and

especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Louis. England had not yet actually declared war against France. But Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the Grand Alliance against the house of Bourbon, were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mount Cenis. It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild, and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for him the Divine Goodness had "warmed the hoary Alpine hills."

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his *Epistle* to his friend Montagu, now Lord Halifax. That *Epistle*, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers; and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the "*Essay on Criticism*." It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the *Epistle*, it undoubtedly does honour to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons; and, though his Peers had dismissed the impeachment,\* had, as it

\* Miss Aikin says, (i. 121,) that the *Epistle* was written before Halifax was justified by the Lords. This is a mistake. The *Epistle* was written in December, 1701; the impeachment had been dismissed in the preceding June.

seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity or moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become secretary of state.\* Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honourable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William III.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller; and appears to have rambled with his pupil over great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on "Medals." It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit-Cat Club—a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the Whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve

him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress.\* The accession of Anne had been hailed by the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favour of the Sovereign as the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin and the Captain-General Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favoured at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters by the late King would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the Government would avoid close connexions with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral-closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest, and for their own interest, to adopt a Whig policy; at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the Government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by

\* Miss Aikin misdates this event by a year, (i. 93.)

\* We are sorry to say that, in the account which Miss Aikin gives of the politics of this period, there are more errors than sentences. Rochester was the Queen's uncle; Miss Aikin calls him the Queen's cousin. The battle of Blenheim was fought in Marlborough's third campaign; Miss Aikin says that it was fought in Marlborough's second campaign. She confounds the dispute which arose in 1703, between the two Houses, about Lord Halifax, with the dispute about the Aylesbury men, which was terminated by the dissolution of 1705. These mistakes, and four or five others, will be found within the space of about two pages, (i. 165, 166, 167.)



further concessions; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704, were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim on the 13th August 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the Commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen, as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at New-market or at the card-table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare; and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honour of the battle of Blenheim. One of those poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines.

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,  
And each man mounted on his capering beast;  
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

Where to procure better verses the Trea-

surer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy. He was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honour to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; the public money was squandered on the undeserving. "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject. But I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied, that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified; and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton.\* This high-born minister had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership with about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favours.

The "Campaign" came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. It pleases us less on the whole than

\* Miss Aiken says that he was afterwards Lord Orrery. This is a mistake, (i. 170.)



the "Epistle to Halifax." Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the "Campaign," we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war, long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labour rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armour, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he hurled his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation—of men who sprang from the gods, and communed with the gods face to face—of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armour, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Life-guardsmen Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Buonaparte used to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarce-

ly five feet high, and rode like a butcher, was the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely any thing in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between Generals of the first order: and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thydis, and Sapharus and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the "Splendid Shilling," represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:—

"Churchill, viewing where  
The violence of Tallard most prevailed,  
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed  
Precipitate he rode, urging his way  
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds  
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,  
Attends his furious course. Around his head  
The glowing balls play innocent, while he  
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows  
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood  
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground  
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how  
Withstand his wide-destroying sword?"

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guid-

ing the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

“Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia pass'd.”

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One Prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his Palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's Narrative of his travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this Narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and, before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the original price. It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humour in which Addison excelled all

men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, or Machiavelli. He coldly tells us, that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Sidonius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albulas suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre Huntsman; and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris, he eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware, that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, of Vincenzio Filicaja. This is the more remarkable, because Filicaja was the favourite poet of the all-accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favourite models were Latin. His favourite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His Travels were followed by the lively opera of “Rosamond.” This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, “Rosamond” was set to music by Doctor Arne;



and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705, the ministers were free from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons, in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendancy. The elections were favourable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the order of the Garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on this honourable mission by Addison, who had just been made under Secretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707, the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favoured by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The Captain-General was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low-Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country squires and rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and, before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.\*

\* Miss Aiken has not informed herself accurately as to the politics of that time. We give a single specimen. We could easily give many. "The Earl of Sunderland," she says, "was not suffered long to retain his hard-won secretaryship. In the last month of 1708 he was dismissed to make room

Addison sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose; but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavourable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it is inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively under Secretary of State, chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which Dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honour to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the Censorship of the Press ceased, and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a statement or an argument, is to introduce that statement or argument

for Lord Dartmouth, who ranked with the Tories. Just at this time the Earl of Wharton, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, named Mr. Addison his chief secretary," (i. 235.) Sunderland was not dismissed to make room for Dartmouth till June 1710; and most certainly Wharton would never have been appointed Lord-Lieutenant at all, if he had not been appointed long before Sunderland's dismissal. Miss Aikin's mistake exactly resembles that of a person who should relate the history of our times as follows: "Lord John Russell was dismissed in 1839 from the Home Office, to make room for Sir James Graham, who ranked with the Tories; but just at this time Earl Fortescue was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with Lord Morpeth as his secretary." Such a narrative would give to posterity rather a strange notion of the ministerial revolutions of Queen Victoria's days.



into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the Conduct of the Allies, or to the best numbers of the Freeholder, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning, is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the short-hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments; and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was therefore a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could do only by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street few more assiduous scribblers of thoughts, letters, answers, remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of £30,000 a year, Edited the "Craftsman." Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets; and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John was, certainly in Anne's reign, the best Tory speaker; Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the State, than any other Englishman has ever, by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had not been encumbered by his

cassock and his pudding-sleeves. As far as the homage of the Great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord-Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents, was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it prohibited Nemesis. It averted that enmity which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favourite with the public, as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montagu said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk, which could be found no where else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella, that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said, that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined;—that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation,

said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were his great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, "assented with civil leer," and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The *Taller's* criticisms on Mr. Softly's sonnet, and the *Spectator's* dialogue with the politician, who is so zealous for the honour of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies, would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the play ended, till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent-Garden struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. "There is no such thing," he used to say, "as real conversation, but between two persons."

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes; and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding, that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should

no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature, we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a king or rather as a God. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinged with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart, as Addison's. But it must in candour be admitted, that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell, a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honourable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint; descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another; ruined his fortune by follies; attempted to repair it by crimes; and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison; and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London bridge.

[In consequence of the great length of this admirable article, (occupying nearly seventy pages of the *Edinburgh Review*,) we are compelled to defer its completion for our next number.]



From the Illustrated News.

RAMBLES IN THE REALMS OF CHAT.

LONG life to the dear devoted reader! Here we are again, once more shaking hands with him with the firm and honest grasp of friendship, and holding him by the button familiarly again. What is the news? *Nous verrons*. All in good time we shall begin to interchange our confidence. We have heard, then, something from France, something from Spain, something from India. It is pleasant to know that in the last-named locality, warm and feverish as it is, things are being treated pretty coolly, and society is subsiding into peace. Sir Charles Napier is "establishing relations" (we believe that is the diplomatic phrase, although the genuine old English meaning of establishing relations is nothing more, according to Cocker and Johnson, than being deuced liberal, and "setting one's family up in business") between the British and the people of Scinde. The victory we have gained seems settling down into matter-of-course possession, and the old grumblers about the morality of the war are now only looking out for a share in its advantages. Even the *Times* appears to think that

'Tis now of no more use to blame  
The victory he was winning,  
For 'tis admitted Napier was  
More *Scinde* against than sinning.

Apropos of the atrocity of the last pun, Scinde is not the only Indian name that has been the means of fetching equivoque from a distance. Said an English inquirer to a gentleman from Ghuznee, "When we urge a man to beat his wife in England, we say, 'Give her a *good hiding*!' What do you say in India?" To which the gentleman replied, "In India we say, '*Hide-her-a-bad*!'" (Hyderabad was, we presume, the locale of the joke.)

Lord Ellenborough was getting popular. He has swallowed his camels, and left off straining at his gnats. He has descended from his stilts, and his prudence is setting his jurisprudence all to rights. Nothing can be more effective than the spectacle of the *Ellenboroughs* amending the *Laws*.

China is "much as usual," with the opium traffic pretty stiffly reviving; so that while the ministers are asking here for a compensation for the loss of the trade, the trade itself appears to be gaining considerably.

VOLUME IV.—16

By the way, there was a conundrum in the fleet: "Why will England be the ruin of *China*?" Answer—"Because the name of her representative is *Pot-injure*."

The news from Paris is all about Spanish intrigue and the new intimacy between Guizot and Queen Christina. The marriage plan appears likely to be foiled, and there is a loud talk of a Coburg for Isabella the Second. Another Coburg! Hurrah for the Coburgs! What would become of the queens if it were not for the Coburgs? Meanwhile the little creature in the Palace at Madrid must be dreadfully flurried. Somebody very exclusively in the *Globe* says they are going to declare her of age at once. This alone is enough to puzzle her a little, but why should'nt heiresses to the Spanish throne be declared of age from the cradle? They might rock and reign at the same time. Espartero is a lost young man: all his mistresses, including his Royal one, have deserted him, and his countrymen are his masters now. Even Sarah Gosser has proved unfaithful at last. Still he has had the temerity to bombard Seville—the Byron city,

Famous for oranges and women—he  
Who has not seen it will be much to pity;  
So says the proverb, and I quite agree.

However, we cannot see the gist of the bombardment. It is not the most humane way of giving *state balls* to the inhabitants. The course chalked out for Espartero by the Parisian press is bitter in the extreme. "First Cadiz—then England—next a broken heart—and, finally, a cemetery!" This is a cruelty peculiarly French.

\* \* \* \* \*

What domestic? Why, Bright, the Quaker, in for Durham—not in for a penny in for a pound—but in for the Londonderry borough. Dr. Bowring has been facetious upon the subject somewhere.

"Dr. Bowring then rose and said, that he had the proud privilege last night, accompanied by an honourable friend near him, of escorting his friend Mr. Bright to the table of the House of Commons, and he confessed that some melancholy thoughts came over him when he contrasted the opinion out of doors, from which he had come, with the opinions within doors, to which he went. An old epigram ran through his mind at the moment; and he could not help reverting to it and the comment which at the time he made on it. When Dr. Goodenough was



called upon to preach to the house a witty member said—

'Tis well enough  
That Goodenough  
Should to the Commons preach;  
For, sure enough,  
They're bad enough  
Whom Goodenough would teach.'

He (Dr. Bowring) thought, that—

It was meet enough,  
And fit enough  
The House should be enlightened;  
For, sure enough,  
They're dull enough,

And wanting to be *Brightened*.  
(Great cheers and laughter.)

Well, at all events, Dr. Bowring cuts no great figure for a poet. Considering how often the name of Goodenough is repeated, the joke is *bad* enough with a vengeance. Bulwer's verses are better, and these we now publish for the first time.

One day Mr. Bright,  
A queer Quakerly wight,  
Whose morals and coat fitted tight on,  
To Durham went down,  
Just to stand for the town,  
Where he set himself up as a *Bright-un*.

Mr. Bright, we are told,  
Did his precepts unfold,  
With a heart—than a feather-wing lighter;  
Till the crowd with delight,  
Said his name might be *Bright*,  
But they vow'd that his wit was far *Brighter*.

He his principles gave  
Out, in manner quite brave,  
And swore that no mortal should slur 'em,  
So they gave him a cheer,  
And a shout as sincere,  
And so returned *Bright-un* for *Durham*.

Then Bowring uprose  
On the tips of his toes,  
Proclaiming himself quite enchanted;  
The house might delight,  
In his friend Mr. Bright,  
For brightness was all that it wanted.

Then up got a wag  
With a joke in his bag,  
And a voice that proved quite overpowering,  
Tho' of bright things he knew  
That the Commons had few,  
There was nothing too bright about Bowring.

And so progressed very pretty and pleasant electioneering squabbling, and Mr. Bright has taken his seat. He is a very promising person, and we shall see how long it takes him to take his stand. Notwithstanding the defeat of Mr. Purvis, the absence of the Londonderry voters has completely contradicted

the assertion of his adversaries, that all his influence was *Vane*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Young England!—how young England, as Sam Slick would say, is going ahead. What is young England? Why, rather a non-descript animal—the type of a new class—men who run rather rusty in politics, and very zealous in religion—the politics of independence, and the religion of Puseyism. The main leaders are—

The stiff Captain Rous,  
Who two pins for the House  
Doesn't care, we believe, or two "tanners;"  
With a more gentle boy,  
Quite humanity's joy,  
Who rejoices in being called "Manners."

Perhaps Dr. Bowring might say his was the first introduction of good manners into the house. Sam Rogers used to call the Commons "the assembly with the manners of a sweep;" and when asked the wherefore, declared they had always *Soot* on their Speaker; but since Manners Sutton became Lord Canterbury, the joke has ceased to apply.

\* \* \* \* \*

Father Mathew is in England at last, and that for the multiplication of his practice. No more drinking! Lush, the barrister, will lose all his briefs; and Lushington of the Civil Law Courts, will find his decisions dryer than ever. "I am afraid, Dennis," said Lord Barrymore to his postillion, when he landed him out of a storm of rain—"I'm afraid, Dennis, you're very wet." "No, please yer honour, but I'm very *dry*;" and then of course came the "trating." Not so now.

There's Father Mat  
Stops Brother Pat,  
Who drank like anybody,  
With "Don't throw, pray,  
Yourself away,  
But throw away your toddy."

The "Old Bailey" parody upon "Oh no, we never mention her" will now be verified, and the "Irishman in England" will be able to make a true lament for his potheen. We don't remember whether the said parody has been ever published, but we do remember the parody itself.

#### SONG.

#### THE IRISHMAN'S LAMENT FOR WHISKY.

##### I.

Och! no, we never minshun it,  
The crater's never seen;  
My lips are now forbid to taste  
The thimble of potheen!

From house to house they hurry me,  
To swig the heavy wet,  
But, och! I get no whisky there,  
And how can I forget?

## II.

They bid me seek in Hodge's vaults  
The gin that other's drink,  
But, tho' I sometimes take a dram,  
'Tis always bad I think.  
'Tis throe the barmaid smiles on me,  
As if to say, "Well met!"  
But, och! I get no whisky there,  
And how can I forget?

## III.

For ah! there are so many things  
Recal to me the past:  
The jingling of the pewter pots,  
The spirits overcast;  
The swearing of the apple girls,  
The men, a drunken set;  
And every thing I look upon  
Forbids me to forget.

## IV.

They tell me Irish whisky now  
Gets cheaper every day;  
They hint that men desert it,  
But heed not what they say;  
Like me, perhaps, they lave it  
Wid a feeling of regret,  
But if they drink as I have drunk,  
They never can forget.

All of which is a piece of fine wild Irish minstrelsy, and quite in accordance with the favourite ballad of which it is a paraphrase. It is, however, less in the spirit of Father Mathew than Father Prout. One thing in connection with the "temperance move" we cannot help noticing, and that is, that while Father Mathew is just arrived among us, and is administering more pledges than any pawnbroker in the kingdom, her Majesty gives a state ball at Buckingham Palace, and Lord Delaware issues sixpenny tickets to the coachmen and footmen about the carriages of the nobility to enable them to procure beer or brandy at the pot-houses in the purlieus of Westminster. These "tizzies" are not temperance medals, Master Brook, and the court is evidently not sticking up for the abstinence.

O'Connell has got a fresh accession to the repeal rent—Mr. Ward, an antipathy to the Irish Church—Rebecca, two or three more turnpikes—and Mr. Bunn, Drury-lane Theatre. The turnpikes will never open again, but Drury-lane will; and we suppose we may expect another lease of theatrical glory. Meanwhile the little box in the Haymarket is alive, and Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's comedy waits the "critic-fiat" and

the "audience-laugh." We wait the issue of all great things. Reader, Heaven bless thee! *Au revoir, au plaisir*—Oh, dear! Tired, by Jupiter.

From Frazer's Magazine.

## REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

## PART I.

WHEN first I saw the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French, he was advancing with light step, and the air of a *bourgeois gentleman*, towards the little ferry-boat of Twickenham. It was a fine summer day in the month of July. Father Thames looked his brightest and his best. The old green Ait was covered with happy citizens who had visited the then rustic habitation of the fisherman, now transformed into a spacious hotel, to partake of the viands peculiar at that time to that sylvan retreat; and here and there were to be seen gliding, like fairy cars, those beautiful wherries, so renowned all the world over, crowded with fair nymphs and youthful rowers. The lovely meadows of Twickenham; the heights of Richmond; the classic bridge; the proud and noble swans; the fish gambolling in the crystal waters, or springing on the face of the stream, just to show that they participated in the general festivity of nature, and then to disappear in the bosom of their ancient sire; the bright sun pouring his warmest beams, yet the zephyrs mitigating the heat by playing amongst the leaves, and filling some small snow-white sails; the deep shade of many fine trees, and the varied coloured flowers of rich parterres, formed the landscape on which my eyes feasted with rapture: and it mattered at that time very little to me who were my companions in the ferry-boat.

"Here comes the Duke of Orleans," said the owner of the old ferry-boat; who, to show his perfect indifference to the French language and French names, called him *Arlines* instead of by his real cognomen. "When he's got in we'll push off; so don't be in no hurry, young gentlemen." The truth was, that three young rogues, each one as roguish as myself, had been waiting full a quarter of an hour for the ferryman's de-

parture; and an apparently wealthy merchant, looking all good-nature and smiles, had kept down our ill-humour by some quiet jokes and mild rebukes. As the duke approached the boat, the ferryman took off his cap, the merchant raised his beaver, and we three holyday youths sprung on our feet and smiled a good welcome. The duke was not behind us in his civility; "hoped that he had not detained us;" pointed to the surrounding scenery with evident sentiments of delight; raised his eyes, and his shoulders, and smiled, and looked quite graciously at the old man who forked along the "punt," as well as at a younger one who helped his father. The duke was dressed in a summer and country attire. There was nothing of display or affectation in his manner; and I remember quite well that, when we landed, he gladdened the heart of the ferryman by a silver sixpence. At least the old man looked gratitude and satisfaction; for his *right* fare was one penny, and you may be sure that "we three young rogues" paid no more.

I have thus commenced these reminiscences of Louis Philippe, the king of the French, because I have a striking anecdote to record connected with this accidental rencontre. As we were all about leaving the ferry-boat to tread the verdant meads on the other side of the river, the Duke of Orleans took the precedence of landing; but, whether from a jerk of the boat, or from a slip of his foot, I cannot tell, his hat, which was in his hand, fell to the ground. The worthy citizen who had been our companion prior to the arrival of his royal highness, and who had likewise crossed the ferry, took up the hat, and, presenting it to Louis Philippe, said, in a mild and respectful voice, "THOU SHALT BE KING HEREAFTER!" The duke evidently understood both the quotation and the application, and, shaking the worthy stranger most cordially by the hand, laughed heartily, walked a few steps with him, and then departed. The next time I thought of that scene was prior to the revolution of 1830, when Charles X., on proceeding to open the Chambers, having let fall his hat and feathers, the same Duke of Orleans raised it from the ground, and, presenting it on one knee to the king, his cousin, "hoped his majesty would long live to wear it!" But the crown and the feathers were destined for himself, as we shall see hereafter. Though the bright scenery and festive joys of the period when I first met the future king of the

French in the Twickenham ferry-boat soon obliterated for years from my mind the fact that I had ever seen him, yet in imagination I still behold the fine, commanding, gentlemanly prince, polite, affable, gay, courteous, "*biding his time*," and having an eagle eye to all that was above and to all that was around him.

How varied had been the fortunes of the seven human beings who had crossed the Twickenham ferry on the occasion in question! The old ferryman was dead. His son had seen strange changes in the old-fashioned Ait. One of my companions had made a fortune in India; the other had distinguished himself as a combatant for church, but Protestant, principles at Oxford. Louis Philippe had been more or less involved in the opposition of fourteen years to the government of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. And now I had become an anxious and almost interested spectator in a political struggle between faction on the one hand, and right on the other, in a foreign land far removed from those sylvan retreats and from that beauteous scenery to which my "*heart untravelled*" always turns with delight and love. But this is the world's history. We meet—we love—we sigh—we dream—we part; but we shall all meet again.

The sketch I am about to supply of the extraordinary man who for a period of thirteen years has preserved France from anarchy, devastation, and ruin, and Europe and the world from an almost interminable war, will not, I hope, be a dull and dry detail of dates and figures. Volumes, instead of pages, would be required to supply such a history. But the moment has not arrived for the completion of the task. We must wait for his apotheosis. This sketch will be rather a series of *tableaux*, presenting the Duke of Valois, the Duke of Chartres, the Duke of Orleans, and the King of the French as he was, has been, is; and this I hope to accomplish in *three* parts. They will all, I am sure, be true to nature; and those which relate to his career as king will be personal reminiscences. The King of the French is a great man; but circumstances have undoubtedly favoured the developement of his qualities. His life has been extraordinary; and he has had wisdom and tact to avail himself of events which ordinary minds would not have appreciated or seized. I have much of his history at my fingers' ends, and I long to tell it; so I will begin with him as



## THE DUKE OF CHARTRES.

On the death of that Duke of Orleans whose intrigues with Madame de Montesson have formed the subject of many a calumny, as well as of many a curious and instructive narrative, but to whom he was afterwards privately married, the Duke of Chartres, his son, took the name of Orleans; and the present King of the French, his grandson, became the Duke of Chartres.

Although I do not profess to present any formal biographical sketch of the family of Orleans, the character and pursuits of the father of the present king must not only be referred to, but must be specifically delineated. They had not much to do, indeed, with the tastes or occupations of his son in his earliest days; but they must necessarily have had this effect, that the instructors, friends, and acquaintances of the young duke, could not fail of being in some manner influenced and affected by those of his father. Just as the children of a studious and thoughtful man will often have their minds naturally directed to serious and suitable studies, at once calculated to raise and to enlighten, so those of a dissolute and licentious prince must be placed in a far from beneficial and wholesome atmosphere. The father of Louis Philippe, as a young man, was sprightly, witty, and elegant; but his governor, the Count de Pont St. Maurice, paid attention to but three points in his education,—to secure that he was polite, to take care that he had attractions and pleasing manners, and to teach him *bon ton*. Neither his mind nor his heart were cared after; and in vain, under such a governor as the count, did the Abbé Alary urge his pupil to study and to think. Louis Philippe, however, delights to relate anecdotes of his father favourable to his moral character, although he condemns most strongly his conduct as a politician; and amongst various other incidents is the following. When the Duke of Orleans (his father) was only in his fifteenth year, he gave levees in the morning to the gentlemen who came from those of his father, and amongst them were officers of every rank belonging to the regiments of the two princes. One of those officers attracted in an especial manner his attention by his remarkably fine person and melancholy aspect. He learned that the object of his interest was very poor, giving, as he did, nearly the whole of his pay for the purpose of supporting his mother and two sisters, who had nothing else to depend on. On

hearing this statement, the father of Louis Philippe saved the whole of the contents of his private purse for two months, and laid by for the officer a purse of forty louis d'or. The question, however, then arose as to how he should present them to the individual for whom they were destined. But a present of "*bon-bons*" was resorted to as the expedient, and the officer found the sum in question concealed in those confectionary preparations for which the French are so distinguished.

But he who evinced by such actions as these a benevolence of disposition and tenderness of heart was ruined by his own father, whose first *paternal care* was to give him a mistress, as soon as his nominal education was completed, that mistress being the celebrated Mademoiselle Duthé. Alas! what right had a father, a court, his family, or society at large, to expect moral habits from a youth whose father not only first tempted him to evil, but who encouraged him to associate with such dissipated and unprincipled young men as the then Chevalier de Coigny and Messieurs Fitz-James and De Conflans! Thus, at seventeen, the father of Louis Philippe found even the society of the ladies of his father's court in the Palais Royal too "*prudish*" for *him*, and he set about the too easy and successful task of ridiculing all female virtue, self-respect, and dignity. The results of this warfare were most disastrous to the character and influence of the duke. For, whilst it was conceded that he was possessed of talent, grace, politeness, and pleasing and dignified manners, he was always accused of having a hard and unfeeling heart. That such was the public impression, he soon learned; but, instead of seeking to disabuse the general mind of this error, he set public reproach and reproof at defiance, and at last refused to defend himself from the most odious charges, when a single word from him would have sufficed to convict his traducers of falsehood.

There is another little anecdote of the father of Louis Philippe, when Duke of Chartres, which has often been related by the present king of the French. The Count Benyowski, so celebrated on account of his exile to Siberia, and for the manner of his escape, by means of confiding his intentions to forty of his companions in misfortune, persuading each one privately that to him alone had he confided his secret, had, as an intimate friend the Chevalier de Darfort, a knight of Malta, and who was allowed to hold benefices. In

behalf of this unfortunate chevalier the Count Benyowski had succeeded in interesting a friend of the Duke of Chartres; who, hearing that a benefice of the value of fifteen thousand francs per annum was vacant, and in the gift of the Count d'Artois, sent off a courier to the duke, and entreated him to interest himself in behalf of that individual. The duke, without losing a moment, made the demand, obtained the favour, and rendered more joyous than can be well described the worthy object of his bountiful exertions.

Excuses are not wanting, independent of the libertine conduct of the then Duke of Orleans, for the subsequent degeneracy of life and morals of the father of Louis Philippe. The court had become most corrupt and abandoned. Madame du Barri had indecently triumphed over the old and noble families of the country; and, whilst it must be admitted that in former times it was bad enough to witness the Marquise de Pompadour at court, while her husband, M. le Normant d'Etoiles, was only a farmer-general, it was yet more abominable to behold a woman of the lowest and most vicious reputation pompously presented to the whole of the royal family. Such scenes and facts as these all contributed to form the character of him who was the father of the prince now ruling with wisdom and decision over the French nation. Louis XV. thus prepared by his conduct that resistance to royalty which, when it commenced, was so feebly opposed by those who had the power to do so, but who felt that some catastrophe was really next to unavoidable.

The death of the grandfather of the present King of the French, led to the latter taking the title of Duke of Chartres, and to his father becoming Duke of Orleans. The latter had confided to Madame de Genlis the education of his four children; and the anecdotes which are to this hour repeated at the Tuileries and at Neuilly, of the younger portion of the life of the Duke of Chartres, are alike honourable to his instructress and to himself. One of these will here suffice. The health of the Duchess of Orleans, his mother, having been much improved by the waters of the Sauveinière, the Duke of Chartres, and his brothers and sister, prompted by their instructress, resolved on giving a gay and commemorative *fête*. Round the spring they formed a beautiful walk; removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and caused it to be orna-

mented with seats, with small bridges placed over the torrents, and covered the surrounding woods with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk conducting to the spring whose waters had been so efficacious, was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock and trees. Beyond it was a landscape of great extent and beauty. In the woods was raised, by the present King of the French and his brothers and sister, an altar to "*Gratitude*," of white marble; and the inscription was the following:—"The waters of the Sauveinière having restored the health of the Duchess of Orleans, her children have embellished the neighbourhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks, and cleared the woods with more assiduity than the workmen who laboured under their orders." On the *fête* day in question, the young Duke of Chartres expressed with grace and effect his filial sentiments of devotedness and love, but suddenly left the side of his mother, and appeared with his brothers and sister, a few seconds afterwards, at the foot of the altar, himself holding a chisel in his hand, and appearing to be writing on it the word "*Gratitude*." The effect was magical; all present were at once charmed and touched; and many a cheek was bedewed with even pleasurable tears.

Connected with this incident, there is related a story of the Duke of Chartres, that, on perceiving in the neighbourhood, on the top of a high hill, the ancient castle of Franchemont, in which were prisoners confined for debt, he exclaimed, "While there are prisoners in that castle for debt, the landscape seems sad and mournful. I cannot be gay." And he then proposed to make a subscription towards their release. The plan succeeded; the few prisoners were liberated; and the young duke visited afterwards the empty castle, and said, "Now, I confess I *can* be gay, and the landscape looks as cheerful as it is beautiful."

Much has been said, and even more perhaps has been written, with regard to the education of the Duke of Chartres and his sister and brothers. The editor of the Duc de Montpensier's *Memoirs* asserts, that the plan of education adopted by Madame de Genlis, was borrowed from the *Emile* of Rousseau. This was an unfair and a most incorrect statement. Whatever may be the

opinions held as to the lady in question,—whether her intimacy with Egalité was of a pure and honourable, or of an impure and dishonourable character,—whether she was an “*intrigante*,” as some allege, or a virtuous and high-minded woman, as many maintain, I own it to be indisputable that her plan of education was literary, suitable, moral, and religious, and that it was found to be, in the case of all her illustrious pupils, most satisfactory and successful. The health of their bodies, the subjugation of their passions, the triumph of their reason and their principles over the various temptations which presented themselves to their minds, the formation of their characters, the cultivation of a taste for all that was great, noble, wise, and good, and their possession of moral and religious principles, were the objects of her unremitting care. Her success cannot be denied. The present King of the French never hesitates to admit how much he owes to her talents, her perseverance, and her varied and wise plans and schemes of education and improvement; and whilst living he visited and esteemed her, and now that she is dead, he speaks of her memory in terms of no doubtful praise.

Amongst the various anecdotes which the family of Louis Philippe relate in favour of their paternal grandfather, there is one worth recording, as it tends to confirm the accuracy of the observation, so often made, that there is no character in which there exists unmixed evil. When the old Duke of Orleans died, his son, formerly the Duke of Chartres, resolved on continuing the annual pensions of six hundred francs each to several learned men. And not only did he continue those pensions, but he added to the list of the recipients of his bounty, and gave similar sums to De la Harpe, Marmontel, Pallisot, Gaillard, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, who had just completed his *Studies of Nature*. At that time M. de St. Pierre was in the deepest poverty; and the pension, small though it was, was peculiarly gratifying, especially as it was accompanied with a visit from the Duke of Chartres, the present King of the French, and his brothers. The author of the *Studies of Nature* was delighted to find that at least the Duke of Chartres was well acquainted with his publication, and that his tastes were evidently of a right character. The author of *Paul and Virginia* had no slight insight into character; and who that has read that work, as well as

the *Indian Cottage* and the *Studies of Nature*, does not envy the Duke of Chartres at this interview. Though Bernardin St. Pierre has long since slept with his fathers, I had the pleasure of passing a long summer day, a few years since, at *L'Etang*, near St. Germain, with his most excellent and truly accomplished and amiable widow. As she perceived that I appreciated, at least in some degree, the writings of her deceased husband, she was kind enough to relate many anecdotes of St. Pierre, full of interest and beauty. She seemed to feel that Madame de Genlis had spoken unjustly of her husband in her *Memoirs*, especially when she accused him of accepting, under the reign of Robespierre, the post of Professor of Public Instruction. “But why did he do so?” asked Madame de St. Pierre. “Was it not that he might be able, as a religious man at least, to maintain a system of moral, if he could not of religious education? Madame de Genlis,” she added, “has made it a ground of serious complaint against my husband that, seeing that religion was absolutely banished from the system of education and instruction then in use, that he should accept a post under government. But this was precisely the reason why, when offered a post, a good man *would* accept it. I know he felt that by this means he might, as a religious man, in some degree check the spread of irreligious principles, and might now and then, at any rate, speak a good word for virtue and religion.”

This excellent resolution was not allowed by St. Pierre to lie dormant, and as he had many opportunities afforded him, in his intercourse with the youth of France, of opposing the false philosophy of Rousseau and Voltaire, then raging in all its recklessness and impiety, so he availed himself of them to plead the cause of Christianity and truth. But to return to the young Duke of Chartres.

His affection for his brothers and sister was of the liveliest and most unceasing character; and when one of his sisters died, his grief was marked and durable. To the survivor, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, he then attached himself with all the affection of a devoted brother; and to this hour, through all the manifold changes of his most unsettled life,—in sorrow, exile, poverty, joy, wealth, happiness, prosperity, fame, and renown, no brother could be more devoted than the present King of the French to his sister, Madame Adelaide. Through years of



despondency, labour, and misfortune, when the horizon was the least promising, and when sorrows were the darkest and the saddest, they comforted each other by their mutual hopes, counselled each other with their best advice, cheered on each other by their brightest anticipations, defended each other from the calumnies of their detractors, and have fought each other's battles, shared each other's dangers, and vindicated each other's fame, with a steadfastness of purpose and a devotedness of heart which all honest men must admire, and all good men must praise. "My brother is too good a man to be king of the French;" "My brother is the most honest man in his dominions;" "My brother is a model for a husband, father, son, brother, prince, king," are some specimens of those eulogiums which she still continues to pronounce upon Louis Philippe. And his majesty is not less enthusiastic in her praise. He never undertakes any great enterprise, decides on any vast question, or enters into any new engagement, without consulting Madame Adelaide. Yet the influence she exercises over him by reason of her quick insight into character, her remarkable memory of past events, and the facility of bringing them to bear on the facts and circumstances upon which she is at the time being consulted, as well as by her correct judgment, her masculine mind, her heroic character, and her indifference to danger when she perceives clearly the path of duty, she never abuses for private ends, or even to serve those in whom she takes a lively interest. Those who apply to her with confidence for patronage and support, often receive for reply, "That his majesty is too much importuned already," and, rather than endanger a refusal, she frequently declines to interfere. But when her support is promised it can be relied on with confidence, for the king feels that to refuse *her* a request, when that request is deliberately made, would be to reject a wise and a prudent opportunity of doing good. This mutual affection of the King of the French and Madame Adelaide commenced when they were very young, and indubitably "it has grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength."

For the Duke of Montpensier, one of the brothers of the Duke of Chartres (now Louis Philippe), the latter also cherished a sincere affection; but Madame Adelaide (then Mademoiselle d'Orleans) was always his favourite and most intimate friend. The Comte de

Beaujolais, his other brother, was, as a youth, of some promise, and Madame de Genlis always spoke of him with hope and affection. Louis Philippe mentions him less than he does Montpensier.

It will not, of course, be forgotten by the readers of this sketch of the Duke of Chartres, that when his father bore that title he was the Duke of Valois; that on his father becoming Duke of Orleans he became the Duke of Chartres; that on the death of his father the title of Duke of Orleans descended to him, and, finally, at the revolution of 1830, he was elected King of the French. Strictly and chronologically speaking, then, the subject of this sketch was not Duke of Chartres but Duke of Valois when some of the incidents passed which I have already referred to; but I was unwilling to embarrass the reader by a division of the king's life into four epochs, and have incorporated the youthful days of Valois and Chartres together.

There is a story told of the Duke of Chartres which may confidently be relied on. When informed in the early period of the first French revolution that a decree had just annulled all the rights of elder brothers, he embraced the Duke de Montpensier and exclaimed, "Ah! how delighted I am! We are now in all respects equal!" Of the Duke de Montpensier it was said, by one who knew him well, that "he was less exempt from vanities and frivolities than the Duke of Valois, but not so mild or docile; that he had a natural disposition for all that was honourable, and was distinguished for a sense of, and love for, equity."

The Duke of Valois (afterwards Duke of Chartres), had for his first tutor the Chevalier de Bernard, who was instructed to remember that if a prince had graceful manners, politeness towards women, and was *un homme d'honneur*, he was perfect. Then came the Abbé Guyot and Madame de Genlis; and some time after M. de Bonnard, who gave way for M. Lebrun. The Abbé Guyot was superficial, but he attended to the religious duties of his illustrious pupils, and Lebrun was indefatigable in his attention to their minor studies. Journals were faithfully kept of all that transpired between the children and Madame de Genlis, and were continued to the termination of their education. The King of the French now possesses them, and regards them as great treasures.

As his earliest years had been exposed to the false and absurd flatteries and tricks of those who surrounded him, when he first received a lesson in history, instead of listening, he yawned and stretched himself, then laid on the sofa, and placed his feet on the table; but he was ordered into confinement, and, as his natural good sense was sound and strong, he soon listened with attention. A German *valet-de-chambre*, an Italian servant, and an English teacher, surrounded him at an early age, and neither of them were allowed to converse with their youthful master except in the language of their respective countries. On one occasion the English teacher forgot himself, and, to assist him in conveying his meaning more rapidly to the duke, made use of the French tongue. "I *will not* understand you now," said the duke, "because you speak to me in French. This, you know, is against our rules. I did not understand you before when you spoke in English, I admit, but I will have patience to learn, if you will to speak, and we will begin it all over again." This charming reproof was so properly uttered, that the English teacher was not offended, and a repetition of the mistake very seldom occurred. It is for this reason that the King of the French is now so well acquainted with several languages, converses with fluency, writes not only grammatically but in good taste, and conducts with ambassadors and other diplomatic agents long conversations and correspondences without being obliged to resort to interpreters or secretaries for their aid. This facility has undoubtedly, with other causes, led to the fact, that his majesty has sometimes offended his ministers since 1830, by conducting negotiations which they felt he could not constitutionally superintend under a limited monarchy, where "the king reigns, but does not govern;" and changes of cabinets have consequently ensued. On the other hand, by the facilities which this knowledge of modern languages has given to Louis Philippe, he has on many occasions ascertained privately the views and dispositions of his allies, and has prevented collision and war.

The *political* education of the Duke of Chartres has been frequently referred to. It has been said that Madame de Genlis encouraged too much the love of liberty, which was then almost inseparable from the characters of nearly all Frenchmen. But those accusers of that lady appear to have forgot-

ten, in their party enmity towards her, that the father of the young princes was, after all, the example to which they would naturally look, and that he had taken the lead in the movements of the ultra party. Now without resting the defence of Madame de Genlis on her own statement that she did not belong to a political, but to the religious party in France, it may fairly be urged that, if she had been ever so disposed (which I freely believe to have been precisely otherwise) to encourage revolutionary views and opinions, the conduct and proceedings of the then Duke of Orleans would have rendered any measures of excitement on her part wholly unnecessary and uncalled for. On the contrary, her great object seems to have been as much as possible to divert the minds of her pupils from attending to political debates and questions by keeping them constantly occupied with studies and pursuits much more suitable to their ages and position. To have wholly prevented them from conversing on such events as those which nearly daily occurred would have been impossible, and even unwise if possible. The true course to be taken was precisely the one which was really adopted. The royal pupils were taught to love liberty, but the liberty of the law, and not the liberty of faction.

The mind and heart of the Duke of Chartres were exposed by the conduct, rather than by the principles, of his father, to very severe and most difficult trials. Young, ardent, and attached to the principles of the Revolution, he was struck by the vast designs and the extraordinary intentions of the successive governments. But yet the National Assembly, either constituent or legislative, had no charms for him, and the National Convention was the object of his horror. He saw with sentiments of grief and shame, which he could not conceal, his father attach himself to the ultra republicanism of Marat and Robespierre; and again and again did he caution that father in letters full of strong sense and manly argument, against the results to which such an alliance must infallibly lead. He saw his father, also, giving the sanction of his name, rank, fortune, position in society, to revolutionary horrors the most atrocious; and the murder of the Princess de Lamballe was never absent from his mind. The renunciation of his title of Duke of Orleans for himself and his children, and the adoption of the vulgar

and plebeian name of "*Egalité*," much annoyed the young Duke of Chartres, who could not forget the history of his family, and who loved to remember the fame and the greatness of his ancestors. There, however, was his father, descending from rank to vulgarity, from honour to disrespect, from power to servility, the mere football of the regicides, the traitors, the murderers by whom he was surrounded, and all this to save his own life, and exist in shame, reproach, and misery!

One of the first events which produced a profound impression on the mind of the Duke of Chartres was the *destruction of the Bastille*. Madame de Genlis has been reproached for having conducted the prince and his brothers to witness the scene, and for this act she has been denominated a revolutionist and a terrorist. But these epithets she did not deserve. Those who are but very partially acquainted with the history of the first revolution seem to have forgotten, that it was divided into various and very opposing phases. They forgot that the *Bastille* was not a legal and a necessary prison, and was not a part and portion of those institutions of the country, which are essential to its preservation from the vices and crimes of those who seek to injure the reputations, properties, and lives, of their fellow-subjects; but that it was a political prison for the arbitrary incarceration of men of rank, fortune, learning, and virtue, who were obnoxious to the court or to the minister of the day, and that thither they were sent and confined, by virtue of *lettres de cachet*. The history of the Bastille was associated with the worst times and with the worst men in France, and wise and good men were therefore entitled to rejoice at its destruction. Thus the most exemplary men and the most high-principled statesmen were delighted at this act of national indignation. Those who love a *monarchical* form of government are equally removed from an attachment to the violence of democracy, and to the stifling and crushing spirit of despotism. It is not, then, just to accuse Madame de Genlis of acting with want either of prudence or propriety, when she conveyed her pupils from St. Leu to Paris, to witness the destruction of the Bastille.

It has often been said of the subject of this sketch that "Louis Philippe should have been a good, honest, private citizen, fond of domestic life, of farming, of masonry, and of spending a handsome income in improve-

ments, building, and repairs." Now, although there was intended to include a calumny and a reproach in this statement, yet it is true that the citizen king was, from his earliest years, attached to mechanical pursuits and to family occupations. Thus he had a turning machine when young, and acquired a knowledge of many trades. He excelled as a basket-maker, and as a cabinet-maker, and far surpassed all the rest of the family. Aided in some measure by the Duke of Montpensier, he manufactured for the house of a poor woman of St. Leu a large press and a table with drawers, which were as well made as if put together by an experienced carpenter. Even his own playthings and those of his brothers he was instructed to make, and he was an apt scholar.

When the death of his grandfather led to the assumption of the title of Duke of Chartres, the young prince exclaimed, "There are two evils in this death,—the loss of my grandfather and my own elevation. I fear I shall be less happy, as I become more elevated." There is an anecdote related of him at this period which is striking and agreeable. On visiting the old family *château* of Eu in Normandy where his majesty is now spending, at the time I am penning this sketch, a portion of his summer, he was walking on the sea-coast, when a vessel was towed up to St. Valery which had not received any name. After having dined at an inn near the coast, and close to the vessel, he was asked to stand godfather, and to give his own name to the boat. "With all my heart," said the Duke of Chartres, "if you think my name an auspicious one, but what have I done that any thing should be named after me?" The ceremony, however, took place, the *curé* prayed for prosperity to the vessel and to its owners, the former of which he also blessed, strewing salt and corn around it as symbols of plenty, and the Duke heartily joined in the petitions which were offered up by the priests and spectators.

There are some coincidences in the lives of us all which are well worthy of attention; but this observation is particularly the case as it regards princes. One of these relating to the Duke of Chartres is the following. Soon after he took the title of Chartres on the death of his grandfather, he visited the famous prison of Mount St. Michel. He was forcibly struck with a dull sound of bells which were pealing in honour of himself and his brothers; and, as he listened to them he



avowed that they excited most melancholy sentiments. He interrogated the monks, who then had the care of the prison, relative to the famous "*iron cage*," but they told him it was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three or four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoners had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for twenty-four hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied, that it was his intention at some time or other to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited Mount St. Michel a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with ten louis, and with much of wit and good humour observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all more pleasure than to have seen it."

On quitting this prison, the Duke of Chartres obtained for several of its sad inmates a privilege they ardently desired, of being allowed to follow them to the foot of the castle. One of them who had been confined for fifteen months, and who till that time had been deprived of the liberty of moving from the upper part of the fort, when he found himself out of the convent and on the little landing-place, but especially when he saw the grass which covered the steps of the staircase, displayed emotions of joy and tenderness, and exclaimed, "Oh what joy is it to walk once more on the grass!" The Duke of Chartres was overcome; inveighed against

the policy which needed such a prison to be filled with political offenders; expressed his horror at the treatment of the Abbé Sabatier, who had been confined there for having spoken in the parliament with great force against abuses of the grossest description which then existed; and when he went to Paris obtained the enlargement of two prisoners. Little did his royal highness then imagine that at a future period of his life he would be King of the French! And now comes the contrast. The prison of Mount St. Michel, so abhorred by the Duke of Chartres, has been precisely the very prison to which political offenders have been sent since his majesty ascended the throne. True the "*cage*" exists no longer, and true, also, that many improvements have been effected in the interior of the gaol, but it is not the less true that many have died therein during the last ten years from disorders contracted there by reason of its dampness; some have gone raving mad owing to the desolation and isolation of the spot, and many still linger on their wretched and deplorable existences in that spot for offences of a political character! This contrast is striking! Madame Adelaide has often been reminded of her visit to Mount St. Michel, and has been requested by prisoners to intercede with her brother for their removal; but so great is the difference between the aspect with which we regard offences committed against ourselves, and those whom we love, and those so committed against others, that she has invariably refused to interfere, giving as her reason that political offenders, under the benignant sway of her brother, and enjoying the blessings of a constitutional government, are not subjects, for pity, but for reproach. It is thus that we are often unintentionally unjust, when we set ourselves up as judges in our own cases. Mademoiselle d'Orleans and the Duke of Chartres contemplated with horror that very prison to which they afterwards directed hundreds of political offenders to be conveyed.

The father of the present King of the French was one of the leading Jacobins of that period of excitement, anarchy, and crime. Not satisfied with being a member of the Jacobin Club himself, he insisted on the Duke of Chartres being likewise received, and thus placed him in opposition, broad, distinct, and violent, to all monarchical principles. His reception created some stir, and gave much offence to the court; but what cared his father for that? He was blind,

violent, and almost mad with political excitement, and acted on the impulse of the moment, heedless of all consequences, and reckless as to the future. His son, without his knowledge, had been received as a member of the Philanthropic Society. This annoyed him. To be a political personage was his desire for his son; philanthropy was, in his opinion, quite out of the question in the times in which they lived.

At the age of seventeen the Duke of Chartres terminated his education, and was provided with an establishment for himself. That education had been at different periods more or less confided to M. Peyre, to whom the duke was greatly attached; to M. Mérys, one of the secretaries; to M. de Aroval; to M. d'Avary, and the Chevalier de Grave.

The introduction of the Duke of Chartres to the Jacobin Club is an irrefutable argument to oppose to those who still dare, in the face of history and indubitable facts, to maintain that Madame de Genlis, and not his own father, inspired Louis Philippe with a love of what was called liberty, and of the first acts of the French Revolution. For is it not a fact that at the very moment the Duke of Chartres was so introduced the Jacobin Club was at the very zenith of its infamy and its power? Were not the arrival of the confederates from Brest and Marseilles, the attack on the palace of Louis XVI., the *massacre* of the royal family (for it was nothing else,) the destruction of multitudes of beings without even the semblance of a trial, and all the other atrocious acts of rebellion, treason, murder, rapine, and crime perpetrated by Jacobinism, to be really ascribed to this Jacobin Club? And yet the father of Louis Philippe caused his eldest son to become a member. To the honour of the young duke it must be recorded that, whilst for some of the celebrated men who belonged to the National Assembly he felt sympathy and respect, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, he had no similar feeling for the Jacobins, and but seldom took part in their wild, fantastic, but lamentable proceedings. At the "*Society of the Friends of Revolution*," indeed, where Mirabeau was often heard and listened to with rapture, the young Duke of Chartres was a frequent attendant; and there his talents excited admiration and surprise. He was there, however, rather the philanthropic pleader for suffering humanity, than the supporter of any measures of a purely revolutionary tendency.

The ambitious projects of the father of Louis Philippe have sometimes been denied, because, when the question of a regency came to be discussed, he wrote to the public journals a disclaimer of his intention to accept the office of regent. But this is a very poor and most unsatisfactory reason. He had attempted to withdraw himself and his family from Paris, and to place himself under the protection of the army at Montmedy, but he had failed. Latour Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion, had reconducted him to the capital, and, whilst the populace were partly in his favour, the government knew full well that he was not to be trusted. At such a moment of terror, suspicion, and division, to have seconded the cry of "*Let us have the Duke of Orleans for Regent*" would have exposed him to arrest, to trial, and to death. It was not that he was averse to power; it was not that he had not conspired against the king and the reigning family; it was not that his party had abandoned the hope of seeing him at the head of a sort of republican monarchy; it was not, above all, that he was not ambitious; but the Duke of Orleans perceived that the time had not arrived when, in his opinion, the great effort had to be made, the great blow to be struck; and therefore he addressed the letter of renunciation to the journals. But, though these journals inserted his letter, they laughed at his protestations, and several held up the document to scorn, and its author to reproach.

Attempts have been made to deny that the father of Louis Philippe was a conspirator. Such attempts are absurd and useless. Undoubtedly, in the first place he had a party. Undoubtedly, in the second place, that party was opposed to the king, always threw discredit on his truthfulness, always represented Marie Antoinette as a conspiratress against the country and its liberties, always kept aloof from moderate men who attempted reconciliation, always seconded the most violent and decisive measures, always spoke of past events as preparatory for coming changes, always sought to unhinge and unsettle the public mind whenever there was a leaning towards peace or repose, always took the most ultra views of what is called public liberty, the sovereignty of the people, and national rights, and always aided in giving a revolutionary direction to the public mind. The Duke of Orleans was, in fact, in heart a conspirator; and Marie Antoi-



nette, by her private and public reproaches addressed to him and to his followers, increased the animosity which already existed. The vote which he gave on occasion of the mock trial of Louis XVI. was the crowning act of his vengeance. The duke hated the royal family, and the moment at last arrived when all his past animosities could be concentrated and indulged in. Louis XVI. expressed his conviction that the vote of his relation would be precisely what it was, and he was not mistaken; but that vote was only the precursor of his own death, as it is to this hour the greatest of all blots on his character.

As I am not writing the history either of the French Revolution or of the intrigues, policy, and life of the father of the present king, I shall not refer further to political events than as they influence the life and destinies of the then young Duke of Chartres. From the time the States-General were assembled the best friends of the children of the Duke of Orleans, perceiving the evils which must arise, and the convulsions which could not but follow, advised their removal to Nice, but the frail and dangerous popularity of the house of Orleans was opposed to the proceeding; and they remained in France. Their father sowed to the wind, and, alas! in time he reaped the whirlwind with a vengeance! The Duke, ever sanguine in his expectations, believed that "the constitution" would soon be *settled*, and promised that when that should be the case, his children should visit England. But popular favour was too short-lived for his plans, and the duke himself set out suddenly for Great Britain, and at London he remained for nearly a year. To all but his political friends this journey and foreign residence appeared unaccountable, but it had the effect of detaining his children in France, as they became, in fact, objects of watchfulness and suspicion. M. de Laclos was his adviser in this circumstance, and M. Shée forwarded his views and acquiesced in his plans.

During the period that the sister of the Duke of Chartres visited England his correspondence with her was most affectionate and frequent. She had travelled with Madame de Genlis under the protection of the famous Pétion, about to be elected mayor of Paris, and who had hoped by his journey to escape the charge of intrigue. It was whilst sojourning at Bury St. Edmond's that the intelligence was first received by her from the

Duke of Chartres that a powerful party in Paris had resolved on subjecting Louis XVI. to a mock trial, and on setting at defiance all the laws of justice and humanity. The Duke of Orleans, who had returned to France and had witnessed without dismay the massacres in the prisons in September 1792, desired that his daughter should leave England for Paris. So little did he apprehend the disasters which awaited him, that he even dreamed of peace, prosperity, and favour. He hoped he should retain his fortune; he hoped his daughter would be excepted from the operation of the retrospective law against all emigrants; he hoped that, though he had so powerfully contributed towards the overthrow of the monarchy, still that he would escape the general thirst for outrage and vengeance; and, though he had madly and criminally declared in favour of the Jacobins, yet he thought, by submission and acquiescence, to be *the one exception* of the royal family. He perceived not that the very Jacobins he supported sought to degrade him in the eyes of France, that he might the more easily become a sacrifice in their hands—another royal victim for the scaffold.

The mission of the father of Louis Philippe to England was one of policy on the one hand, and of security on the other. By the French court and royal family he was abhorred. His vanity had led him to make declarations, amounting almost to threats, "that he should be regent," "that he should be king," "that those who then hated him (meaning the royal family) would one day crouch at his feet;" and these imprudent as well as disloyal observations were repeated to Louis XVI. and his queen, both of whom viewed him in the same despicable and unfavourable light. His absence in London was also a measure of precaution. During the period of his residence in the British metropolis the most despotic rule had prevailed in Paris, and, as he was suspected by all parties of entertaining ambitious projects, and had a real, active, conspiring party of his own, he was, in fact, honourably banished for upwards of a year, and returned as a deputy of the National Assembly almost without permission. But who was not at that period the object of suspicion? Mirabeau, the eloquent, the patriotic, and the magnificent, was also accused immediately afterwards, with the Duke of Orleans, of having been guilty of "*Treason against the country*," and, although both were for the



moment acquitted, yet the latter remained the object of suspicion and hate. He was, in fact, a state-prisoner in Paris, and could not pass the barriers of the city.

The young Duke of Chartres was, during this period, much agitated by contending emotions. He knew that the first men and the first measures of the Revolution of 1788 were moderate and wise, but he felt within him all the horror of which a young and pure heart is susceptible at the contemplation of the crimes which had succeeded. His father sought to make him believe that the only chance of escaping the scaffold and ruin, ignominy and death, was to march *with* the Revolution, and not to oppose any measure, however unprincipled and deplorable. That the Duke of Orleans was imperceptibly led on to this sad eventual decision, step by step, and day by day, must, I think, be admitted, and the duchess did not oppose his views, or seek to restrain the licentiousness of his political career.

The Duke of Chartres felt in a pre-eminent degree the practical evils which the Revolution was bringing upon himself when his sister was compelled to proceed to Tournay, there to wait for the Decree of Exceptions. The prince accompanied his sister to the frontiers; shed many bitter tears on leaving her, and sighed for times more in harmony with his views of a "happy life."

Events marched with such rapidity, and the fate of the Duke of Orleans, his father, became so evident, that the Duke of Chartres joined his sister in Belgium. Louis XVI. the virtuous and the unfortunate, had been murdered, and the Duke of Orleans had consented to his death. After that memorable vote had been given, he wrote to the Duke of Chartres, "My heart is oppressed with sorrow, but for the interests of France and of liberty I have thought it my duty to vote the death of Louis Capet." The son looked on the letter with horror, and bathed it with his tears. Attached to the cause of liberty, and ardent in its pursuit, he saw in the conduct of his father an act of treason to the cause he affected to espouse, and an event which must terminate fatally to himself. The Duke of Orleans himself apprehended from that very moment his own arrest and assassination, and he said upon one occasion, "I am perfectly sure I have signed my own death-warrant." Oh, with what feelings of horror and disgust did the Duke of Chartres place the letter of their father

in the hands of his sister—that sister whose life was aimed at by the act against the emigrants.

Disgusted with the march of the revolution, and satisfied that for him there was neither peace nor happiness in France, the Duke of Chartres formed the resolution of writing to the Convention for permission to leave for ever the land of his birth. The resolution, so taken, was his own act, and was the result of the impressions produced upon his mind by the murder of Louis XVI. The letter was drawn up; but, notwithstanding the political conduct of his father had been atrocious, his filial duty towards him induced him to submit the letter for his consideration prior to forwarding it to the Assembly. As the Duke of Orleans was a member of the Convention, he could have aided the desire of his son; but he simply wrote to state, "that the idea was destitute of common sense." The Duke of Chartres obeyed, although his brother, Montpensier, was allowed to serve with the troops at Nice, and thus proceeded to Italy.

Of the military life of the Duke of Chartres it is now essential that I should speak at some length, and with great distinctness, and to connect it with the previous part of this sketch. It is a charge brought against the present King of the French that he served all governments as a soldier, and that he thus, indirectly, at any rate, supported the cause and projects of the National Assembly. When but fourteen years of age the young prince was appointed colonel of the Chartres Infantry. This was, of course, a mere compliment, but it was the beginning of his future, though brief, military existence. Though young, however, he was courageous and ardent, and, being attacked on one occasion by a mob of armed peasants, himself and his brothers were in danger of their lives. But boldly they confronted their assailants, and the king often now laughs at the remembrance of the altered features of the people when himself and his brothers caused their horses to halt, turned upon those who had been their pursuers, and caused it to be made known that it was the young Duke of Chartres who now required their dispersion. It was in November 1785 that the duke was appointed proprietary colonel of the fourteenth regiment of Dragoons. Accompanied by his brothers Montpensier and Beaujolais, he wore the uniform of the National Guards in the district of St. Roch on the 9th of February, 1791;

and, as a lamentable proof that at that period revolutionary principles had, in spite of all the lessons of Madame de Genlis, taken possession of his youthful mind, when he entered his name in the register he struck out all the titles of rank and nobility which had been inserted, and absurdly wrote, "*Citizen of Paris!*" I am afraid this mode of attracting popularity had something to do, in prospective, with his subsequent candidature for the post of commandant of the battalion of St. Roch. If such were the case, his object failed, for he was *not* elected. The desire of securing popularity for the moment, to effect the object for the moment desired, has been through life the policy of Louis Philippe. This is one of the *weak* points of his character. "*I think the Republican government is the most perfect in the world!*" said Louis Philippe to Lafayette, at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, in July 1830; and by that phrase he obtained the silent acquiescence of the Republican party in his favour. But what was the consequence? They afterwards reproached him as a traitor, and for ten years sought to take away his life, because the programme of Republican institutions was necessarily abandoned as incompatible with a monarchy. "You are my brethren," exclaimed Louis Philippe to the National Guards; "I am only one of your comrades." What was the consequence? His "comrades" took the liberty of dictating to him what line of conduct he should take in his political government; and his "comrades" in other places, when he did not follow their advice, took up arms against him, and fought day by day against his throne, himself, and his family.

At length came the order for proprietary colonels to join the army, and the Duke of Chartres proceeded to Vendôme, and there, accompanied by his tried and faithful friend M. Peyre, took his post as head of the regiment. In the army he sought to forget all politics, and to be nothing more nor less than a soldier. He used to say, "that he was a soldier of France, and that she required their lives and their services, and not their opinions." He preserved discipline, set an example of order, secured for himself the respect and confidence of his men, but once more, however, resorted to his policy of gaining temporary popularity by adhering to the movement of the moment. That movement, at the period of which I am writing, was for the suppression of all em-

blems of nobility; and he declared, at a meeting of the Constitutionals of Vendôme, "that he was too much the friend of equality not to have received the decree for the suppression of such emblems with transport." The rest of his declaration was in the same spirit; but nearly forty years afterwards he was reminded of it by those who cried, "Down with the Lilies of Orleans! Down with the Lilies of the Bourbons!" And masons were employed with their chisels and their hammers to erase the "Lilies" from the Palais Royal. By acts of justice, benevolence, and charity, the young duke however distinguished himself; at one time in saving the life of a Romish priest from the fury of a sanguinary mob; at another time, rescuing an individual from a watery grave; and at all times taking care of the health and comfort of those who were placed under him. Thus his political failings were compensated for by his personal virtues and graces.

In August 1791, the Duke of Chartres proceeded with his regiment to Valenciennes, and there spent the winter. He was commandant of the place, and discharged the duties which devolved on him with zeal and ability. His brother, Montpensier, as well as himself, were thus serving in the Army of the North, when they were joined by their father, and by their other brother, the Count of Beaujolais, the latter of whom was only twelve years of age. It was under the orders of the Duke of Byron, a friend of his father, that the Duke of Chartres made his *début* on the battle-field. The Duke of Byron at that time commanded a division of the northern army of Valenciennes and Maubeuge. The campaign was opened at the end of April 1792, at Boussu and Quarrignon, and the Duke of Chartres gained his first laurels at Quirevain, by rallying a division of the army which, under false apprehensions, had fled towards Valenciennes. Under Marshal Luckner, also, he distinguished himself by taking Courtray, though the subsequent retreat of his commanding officer prevented him from availing himself of all the advantages of the victory. And who can avoid noticing the extraordinary coincidences of the chequered life of Louis Philippe? After having served under Luckner, that marshal was replaced by Kellermann, subsequently Duke of Valmy. "Ah! sir," said Kellermann, when he first gazed at the Duke of Chartres, "this is the first time I have had the honour of seeing so



young a general officer. How have you contrived to be made a general so soon?" To most young men of his age the inquiry would have been sufficiently embarrassing, but to the Duke of Chartres it was not so; and with great promptitude and ready wit he replied, "By being the son of him who made a colonel of you," alluding to his father. The Duke of Valmy was so delighted with the answer, that he seized his hand, and expressed his satisfaction at such a rencontre. That Duke of Chartres is now King of the French; but the son of the Duke of Valmy is now one of his most enlightened but vigorous opponents in the French Chamber of Peers.

When the Legislative Chamber screamed at the very top of its voice that "the country was in danger," and, in July 1792, called on all who could carry arms to rush to the frontiers, France assembled various armies, and, amongst the rest, thirty-three thousand men at Sedan under Dumouriez. The Duke of Chartres was appointed to the command of Strasbourg, but he replied, "I am too young to be shut up in a citadel; I entreat to be allowed to remain in active service." The request was complied with, and the young prince served under Dumouriez. It was in the month of September 1792 that the battle of Valmy was fought, in which the duke so distinguished himself as to have for ever after caused his name to be especially remembered as connected with that memorable event. He commanded twelve battalions of infantry; and such was his bravery, talent, and indefatigable zeal, that Kellermann said of him, "Embarrassed by an attempt at selection, I shall only particularise amongst those who have shown distinguished courage M. Chartres and his aide-de-camp, M. Montpensier, whose extreme youth renders his presence of mind during one of the most tremendous cannonades ever heard the more remarkable."

The Duke of Chartres not only was no coward, but he had even a taste for war, or, at least, for active duty; for, when offered a superior command of newly levied troops to be stationed at Douay, he declined the promotion, and preferred the camp and the trenches to a comparatively easy life in a comfortable garrison.

Permitted by the government of the day to remain in the line, the Duke of Chartres joined the army of Dumouriez, then advancing to the frontier to commence an active

campaign. That general divided his army into two wings of twenty-four battalions each, and the right wing was intrusted to the young duke. It was at this period of his life that the battle of Jemmapes was fought, and to which Louis Philippe ever and anon delights to return, and of which he is justly proud. Many sarcasms, diatribes, quolibets, caricatures, and burlesque songs, have been published, since Louis Philippe ascended the throne in 1830, to endeavour to ridicule the battles of Valmy and Jemmapes, and to detract from his merits and efforts; but all who know the history of the Republican wars, and, above all, those who can remember the effects they produced at the time on the public mind, will not allow themselves by such artifices to be cheated out of the certainty, that they were great, important, and very memorable events. His chain of mounted chasseurs and his *Bataillon de Mons* saved the French army from a most signal defeat, and that at a moment when a victory by the Austrians seemed wholly certain. Driven from all their positions, the Austrians fled, and left the battle-field at Jemmapes covered with their dead and their artillery. At Anderlacht, at Tirlemont, and at Varroux, new successes added to his already established fame; and the Duke of Chartres, covered with laurels, left the winter quarters of the army of Belgium to visit his beloved sister, who had been included as an emigrant in the laws of proscription.

How sad was that moment! Young, healthy, patriotic, enthusiastic, full of talent, enterprise, and knowledge, he found himself no longer the Duke of Chartres, but the son of "Egalité;" his father tracked, hunted down, suspected; all his family scattered and in danger; his country torn to pieces by a despotic, sanguinary, and most criminal government; and Buzot, a popular demagogue, demanding that his father and his three sons should be exiled from their native land.

That was the moment that the duke pressed upon his father the duty of availing himself of a decree of proscription, and of retiring to the United States. But his advice arrived too late: the decree had been withdrawn. "Egalité" still deceived himself with the false hope of better days, and retreat from that moment became impossible.

Again did the Duke of Chartres return to the army, and acquired new eulogiums and deserved praise for his conduct at the siege



of Maestricht. At Newende, also, under Dumouriez, he showed the most extraordinary courage, and had a horse killed under him, still remaining on the field of battle the whole night, and by rallying the troops, prevented the reverse of fortune which Dumouriez and his army experienced from becoming still more disastrous to the French army.

This was the critical moment for both Dumouriez and the duke. Their hour had arrived; and they, who had fought so nobly and so well, were required by the Committee of Public Safety to proceed to Paris. They were supping at Saint Amand-des-Boues when the order arrived; and as it was obvious that their lives were to be demanded as an act of vengeance for the advance of the Austrian forces, Dumouriez, and the duke resolved on leaving France, and on seeking at least safety from a scaffold already saturated with the blood of the good and the brave. In vain were they followed, fired on, pursued. They repaired to the Austrian head-quarters at Mons; and there the duke, who was invited to enter the service of that power, declined to do so, "As he could not consent to carry arms against his country," obtained passports, and in a few days joined his sister in Switzerland. His father and brothers had been arrested and confined in prison. His mother was a prisoner in the castle of Penthièvre, the château of her illustrious ancestors. He was a stranger in a strange land, without friends, fortune, prospects, or home, and compelled to suffer from the odium attached to his father's name, "*Egalité* of the Convention." This was the *military* life of Louis Philippe. He was afterwards a wanderer and a teacher; but here ended his life as a soldier.

Madame de Genlis and Dumouriez have been accused of having been really the cause of the condemnation and death of the father of Louis Philippe. The accusation against them may be thus condensed. *First*, as Madame de Genlis inspired the Duke of Chartres with a horror of the Convention, and as all her notions were opposed to the spirit of the age in which she lived, the young duke, by expressing himself strongly in society, and by writing to his father letters which were subsequently seized, rendered him obnoxious to the populace as well as to the Convention, and afforded a pretext to the demagogues for the execution of their murderous projects. *Second*, As Dumouriez came to the resolution of no longer defend-

ing the French against hostile invasion, and induced Valence to join him in his defection, he influenced also the mind of the young Duke of Chartres, leading him also to abandon his post as general, and thus exasperated all parties against his father. That these are facts, cannot be denied. But why should Dumouriez, and why should Madame de Genlis, have acted contrary to their convictions and their principles? The latter was a Monarchist, the former a Constitutionalist. Then why should they both act as Conventionals?—It was impossible. Dumouriez felt that he was no longer fighting for the nation, but for a faction, and for a faction opposed to the real welfare of his country. Why, then, should he be reproached for having refused to serve it? So with regard to Madame de Genlis. She had no one feeling in common with regicides; and her pupils she taught to love liberty, but to love justice more.

The defection of Dumouriez, the avowed abhorrence of the Convention by the young Duke of Chartres, the flight of General Valence, the determination of Madame de Genlis and Mademoiselle d'Orleans to seek an asylum in Switzerland, all concurred to render the arrest and condemnation of "*Egalité*" next to unavoidable. But is the present king to be blamed? Was it his duty to wait in France till *his* turn came to be denounced, arrested, and massacred, because his father still continued the slave of Marat and of Robespierre? He exerted all his influence with his father to prevail on him to leave France; but first he would not, and then he could not, do so. He besought his father to cease to have connexion with the regicidal faction. But his father was too deeply pledged to listen to this salutary counsel. What was to be done? He had fought for his country when her government was apparently national, and when the independence and integrity of the nation were threatened. He had gained the applause, as he had merited the approbation of the best generals of France for his military skill, and for his enthusiasm and zeal. But how could he aid a cause which had actually changed, which had forsaken all its original principles, and had degenerated into one of crime and bloodshed? It was unfortunate that his letters to his father were seized, and it was unfortunate that they were thus brought in evidence against the author of his being. But he would have been unworthy of the name

of a son had he not at least sought to have prevailed on his father to forsake the cause of the sanguinary Convention.

But to renew the thread of the narrative. The Duke of Chartres soon followed his sister, and rejoined her at Schaffhouse. They proposed to live at Zurich in peace and solitude; but they were discovered. The Royalists abhorred the very name of Orleans; the emigrants loathed them even more than they did the republicans, and often insulted them in the public streets. Thus new calamities were in store for them. The Duke of Orleans, their father, was arrested and sent to prison. Not one voice could be heard in his favour; no one pitied him; no tear was shed for himself or his children; and at Zug the latter sought an asylum and peace. Scarcely a month had elapsed when they were seen by some emigrants, and denounced, and the magistrates fearful of offending the then savage government of France, requested that they would withdraw from that small Swiss canton. What was to be done? A thousand romantic projects suggested themselves. Separation seemed unavoidable. The features of the Duke of Chartres were too marked to be easily concealed. His sister was received into the Convent of St. Claire at Bremgarten, and the duke resolved on making a pedestrian journey through Switzerland. Beautifully was it said by his devoted friend and instructress, "How often, since my misfortunes, have I congratulated myself on the education I gave the Duke of Chartres; on having made him learn, from his childhood, all the principal modern languages; on having accustomed him to serve himself without assistance, to despise every thing that was effeminate; to sleep on a plank of wood merely covered with a straw mattress; to face the sun, cold, and rain; to habituate himself to fatigue by daily practising violent exercises; and lastly, on having taught him many branches of knowledge, and on having inspired him with a taste for travelling. All that he was indebted for to the chance of birth and fortune he had lost; and nothing now remained to him but what he had from nature and from me."

The young soldier and duke, after having traversed the Swiss cantons, assumed the name of Chabaud, and entered the College of Reichneau in the month of October 1793, as professor of mathematics. He was then only twenty years of age! To hard fare,

early hours, college rules, strict discipline, he conformed with cheerfulness and regularity, and calmly suffered the severity of his lot, and the injustice of men who, when they knew him, treated him with arrogance, not only without complaint, but without even seeming to be astonished. Under a most inclement sky, and amidst the snows of winter, he arose every morning at four o'clock, to give lessons in the higher branches of geometry in the college in question; and, during fifteen months, he did not once fail in fulfilling his duties with scrupulous punctuality and care; nor once, during his long exile, cease to render his misfortunes honourable by the noblest resignation.

The death of the Duke of Orleans, his father, reached him soon after his entrance to this college, and deeply affected him. He was by right and descent, law and justice, from that moment the Duke of Orleans. But where was his palace? where his mother? where his sister and brothers? where the Adelaide and the Montpensier he loved so well? Even his name he was compelled to conceal, and to write "Chabaud" instead of "Chartres" or "Orleans." At the expiration of that period, he remained with M. de Montesquieu, under the assumed name of Corby, and with the title of aide-de-camp. But as his sister was residing with his aunt the Princess of Conti, as the Duke of Modena, their uncle, had provided them with a small sum of money, and as Madame de Genlis had at last given up her charge, and retired to Hamburg, he resolved on proceeding thither;—and there was he, the young, talented, amiable, interesting Duke of Orleans, the son of a regicide, and the son of a traitor, whose life had been forfeited to the decision of revolutionary savages,—there was he, without friends, profession, property, home, uncared-for, unloved, unthought-of, except by his sister, Montpensier his brother, and Madame de Genlis, as much a wanderer on the earth as if his own crimes had been the cause of his poverty and disgrace. But he had the happy consciousness of having done right, and of intending to do it; and, with such resolutions, he came to the determination of exploring on foot the Scandinavian peninsula.

As Duke of Orleans, if not by name, at least by right, I shall follow him in his wanderings in the *second* part of his eventful and extraordinary career. There we shall find him with a steadfast friend, Count Mont-



joie, and an honest, faithful servant, good Baudoin, who shared with his master all the sufferings and sorrows of a persecuted exile. I shall conduct him from Europe to America, to England, to France; install him at the palace of his ancestors, see him revelling in the enjoyment of rank, fortune, society, and every luxury which taste, wealth, and ease, can bestow, until the Revolution of 1830 once more rang the tocsin in his ears, and which proved to be the death-knell to a monarchy of ages, to the dynasty of the Capets, as well as to his own domestic joys and family bliss; for the Revolution of July 1830 has been any thing but a blessing to the then Duke of Orleans.

From the Metropolitan.

## THE STUDENT'S BRIDE.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

"A YEAR ago—a year ago—now will I make you confess," said Blanche; "can you remember a year ago?"

"Perfectly," replied the Student.

"This very night?"

"This very night. I remember it more perfectly because it was my birthday."

"What were you doing? What were you saying? What were you thinking?"

"Doing nothing. Saying nothing."

"Thinking?"

"Yes, I was thinking. Nothing, dear Blanche, could be more unlike my last birthday than my present. For a moment I had gone back to that joyless existence when your voice recalled me to my present happiness. I was alone in my solitary dwelling—alone in my quiet chamber. You do not know what it is to have a home which you enter without welcome, and leave without regret. The charities of life warmed not for me. My chamber looks into a burial ground. The very grass feeds on the mortal part of the immortal. Nay, do not shudder."

"I have never seen death," said Blanche.

"And to me the dying and the dead are as familiar and daily things," said the Student. "Yet since I have known you, I confess that I cannot approach them with the same calm and undisturbed spirit that I was wont to carry."

"Do not mention them," exclaimed she; "they are but shadows over our happiness."

"Picture me there in my dismal chamber. My lamp burning—my books around me.

Dust accumulating over my manuscripts, and my manuscripts accumulating too, for he who does not speak his thoughts must write them. I was always more lonely in the summer than the winter, because my fire is in some sense a companion, not for its comfort, but for its inscrutable origin, its mysterious existence, and its mighty power. Well, dearest, there sat I until well nigh overcome by a sense of oppression, of suffocation, by the torment of a parched tongue, and heated brain. Oh, Blanche! believe me that I rejoice to see that smooth brow unruffled and unwrinkled by the toil of thought."

"Nay," said Blanche, "is not that so doubtful a compliment that I am almost bounden to let you see it ruffled by a frown?"

"Indeed no. Men arrive at right conclusions through a long train of wearying argument—women, by an instantaneous and just conviction. And indeed, dear Blanche, the toil of the slave beneath the torrid zone, with the lash at his back, is as nothing to the stretch of mental labour. Through the whole of that last birthday had I been taxing this poor intellect to the uttermost. I had scarcely tasted food, nor exchanged word with any human being, when the clock of the cathedral warned me of the solemn and witching hour of night."

"And then you went to your pillow to dream?"

"I did not."

"Then whither?"

"Do not ask me."

"I must know," she answered, with pretty waywardness.

"Ask me some other question."

"Yes, but first answer me this. On your allegiance."

"I went into my dissecting room," he said, gravely and sadly.

Blanche hastily snatched away the hand that he was holding, and with an exclamation of horror turned away.

"I knew," he said, "that I should shock and offend you; but now, dear Blanche, exercise your reason. Throughout that day I had been pursuing a laborious investigation, and I went to illustrate and prove the truth of its results. Believe me, that I could not lightly invade the sancity of the dead, or approach it with an irreverent hand. It was because I felt the inveteracy of death, that I strove to grapple with it in its strong holds—



because I had seen the tears of the orphan and the wife that I had laboured through many days, and had made it my companion through many nights—for so I hoped to repel it in one of its boldest forms of approach. And now will you think that my touch will pollute your hand?"

Seemingly Blanche did not think so, for she suffered him to retain it.

"And the result?" asked she.

"The result," answered he. "Oh! the result was, that I became acquainted with you, and all other results were swallowed up in that."

"Shall I thank you or chide you for that compliment?"

"Do not ask me. To a certain extent I ceased to *think* when I began to *feel*. The intellects and the passions can never rule conjointly. The one must triumph at the expense of the other. Man might be wholly intellectual were it not for woman, but she makes chains of our passions to bind us down to earth."

"Another doubtful compliment."

It wanted but a week of the Student's next birthday—that next birthday was to be his wedding-day. Blanche had deferred it until then. Women have a better tact at compliment than men after all.

They were standing at an open window, a little withdrawn from the festive group which were assembled, taking no share in the pastime of the hour, and occasionally silent even to each other. There is a deep quietness in happiness which belongs not to joy.

"You are silent?" said Blanche.

"Only because I feel the utter emptiness of words."

"Fill them with your thoughts."

"They may convey thoughts, but not feelings."

"They have done for Eve and all her descendants," said Blanche, with a smile.

"Shall I infer," said he, "that women feel less than men—that your feelings are less intense than mine?"

"Because I am too happy both in the present and in the future to be sad, and you are not so."

"Sad, dear Blanche!"

"Ay, you cannot deny it. And indeed when you are in these silent moods, and I look on you, and your eye sees me not, and I watch the gatherings of thought upon your

brow, and the gradual gloom that overshadows your countenance, I say to myself that you were never made for the happiness of this fair world."

"You make me sad now in reality, because I have the fullest trust that your happiness is implicated in mine."

"Indeed I was not selfish enough to remember that."

"And I was selfish to have forgot it even for this little snatch of time. Perhaps it may be my own individual fault; and yet is it not a law of our common nature always to be anticipating the future rather than enjoying the present? Come, dear Blanche, we will forget the future (is it not curious to *forget* what has never been?) and be happy in the present."

"I will not be happy now," said Blanche, with a smile.

"And why not?"

"Because you are leaving me for a week."

"To return for ever."

The Student had returned—all things had gone prosperously with him. He had made the final arrangements for his expected bride—his relations had concurred in his views—everything was hopeful and happy.

Never to the Student's eye had the sun shone so brightly, nor the earth looked so gaily, nor the world appeared to be arrayed so invitingly, as on that last day of his return. Never had he felt such a buoyancy of spirit as when he entered the house where Blanche resided.

But suddenly a chill came over him—What and why was all this? The house was darkened, the domestics moved stealthily and spoke not above their breaths, a dreary stillness, a mysterious awe hung heavily over all. The Student staggered, gasped for breath, asked why these things were so, and was told that—*Blanche was dead!*

They led him to her chamber, and he saw her again—saw her wan, white, motionless, wrapped in the cerements of the grave—he saw the coffin and the shroud—he was among the company of mourners, and heard that most awful of earthly sounds, the rattling of the little handful of mean earth on the last tenement of the earthly frame!

It was night when the Student entered his lonely chamber. The soil of dust was over his mourning garments, but the quiet, self-

collected mien betrayed neither haste nor agitation; yet, notwithstanding this external placidness, there was an expression in the depths of his eye and the compression of his lip that chilled the heart of his solitary domestic, who, after long watching and an enforced silence, would gladly have heard the sound of any human voice. But words of comfort and offers of services seemed alike intrusions on the Student. "My lamp, and leave me," in the deep sepulchral tones of the master's voice, sent the man in sadness to his bed.

The student was alone—*alone* in the true meaning of the word—and that is not when we are solitary in our dwellings, but when the world holds not an object of whom our thoughts can make a companion. It was the saddest and the deepest hour of night, yet that hour so mournful and solitary to him, elsewhere rang with the carousals of protracted revelry. His mind glanced for a moment over the mirthful meeting—the board crowned with plenty—the wine flowing—the charm of cheerful voices—and the ringing of merry laughter;—but what were these to him, except to force on him the contrast between the festal apartment and his own dark chamber—between hearts overflowing with gladness in all its varied channels of jest and joy, and the deep despairing hopelessness of his own soul!

"It is over!" said the Student, "this dream of earthly happiness, this delusion of human passions—and it is well that it should be so, for is not happiness another name for selfishness? Witness myself—have I not been loving, doting?—and gradually has all creation narrowed round me, until the great purposes of existence were lost or nearly so—until the world, to my blind perception, held but my treasure and myself! Ay, this is the happiness of the world—the pleasure of the passions—given to all men—the crowd, the herd—they love and are loved. It is the happiness of the earth, earthy. The passions chain us down to this lower world, but, as the links loosen, the intellect connects us with loftier spheres.

"And yet I loved her! loved her as a miser does his gold, as a spendthrift his pleasure—ay, even as the pious love their God! Science seemed a soulless drudgery while I listened to her voice; its gravest speculations, its noblest discoveries, were dull and stale to one cheerful word, to one glance of her laughing eye. One snatch of

wild melody from her lip, one echo of her light footstep, was enough to win me from that noble philosophy which mounts the skies, and marks the broad line of demarcation between the sensual and the sage.

"I will be calm, however;—are not the faculties of the mind of higher lineage than the passions of the heart, and shall they be slaves to its wild throbbings?"

The Student laid his watch before him—melancholy thing whereby we measure life!—he laid it before him in the dim light of the lamp, his eye fixed upon its movements, and his hand pressed upon his own heart.

If the ravings of despair are sublime, surely fortitude is true nobleness. There stood the Student, calm in his utter hopelessness, the dim light reflected on his features, with his eye fixed on the silent memento of time, the noble outline of his figure and the intellectual cast of his head partially revealed. Who can tell, in the five minutes that ensued, what thoughts passed through the chambers of his mind—by what discipline the body was brought into subjection to the mental monarchy.

"I *am* calm," said the Student, "calm enough to count the pulse of dying infancy. I am not yet beyond the pale of my own subjection. The tumults of the body belong solely to the tyranny of the passions, and I, who have now nothing to hope, can have little to fear.

"And now to my task."

The Student took the dim lamp, and passed from the dark and gloomy chamber into one still more dark and gloomy. Reader, follow not if death affright thee, for it was the chamber of death.

The Student had surrendered all human passions, had immolated all human feelings—a stern pleasure took their place—he was diving into the deepest mysteries of God's creations—the mysteries of the human frame—that frame so "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Ay, thou my body, part and parcel of myself, poor, and weak, and vain, and impotent, I am dizzy when I think of what thou art; and those powers of thought which are inhabiting within thee wonder at the strange partnership! "When shall I know even as I am known!"

Beautifully does light approximate with joy and happiness, and truly is darkness the sign and symbol of woe. How undeceiving

is the instinct of the child, who trembles to be alone in the gloom of the night—night, the season for evil spirits, for sadness, for sighing, and sorrow! The Student entered the deep melancholy gloom of that lowly chamber with a noiseless step—the presence of death has a greater majesty than that of living kings, though it be but in a peasant's dust, for the impress of the Maker's image lies legibly engraven there. The Student entered calm, composed, subdued, with the most perfect and the clearest possession of all his faculties—but we—oh! we shudder to think that there lay a fair young girl, in the cerements of the grave, and that the Student stood with the long, sharp-pointed instrument of glittering steel, exempt from all human sympathies, all human passions, and aspiring to explore those mysteries which occupied the mind of Deity in the creation, with a lofty pleasure that seemed superior to all the happiness of this world's gladness.

But stay;—what means this emotion of the human sympathies, this softening of the heart, which passes over the features of the stern anatomist, as he stands with the glittering steel suspended over the form of that young girl? Does he think of the violated sanctity of death? does he think of the sacrilegious touch of the despoiler of the grave on the sister, the mother, the wife? does compunction and the touch of human sympathies press round his heart? No. He thinks of the dear one he had just consigned to the grave—just such a fair hand had Blanche placed within his own when last they parted; the vigour of his mind was gone, the shining blade fell from his hand and shivered into fragments, a mist gathered before his eyes—the strong man shook like the veriest infant.

But now—is it the weakness of his vision, or is it the fiction of his distempered brain?—did the white hand move?—did the faintest echo of a sigh strike upon his ear?—did some low breeze undulate those vestments of the grave? or was it—could it be the veriest, faintest breath of mortal life?

A moment and all the noble energies of the Student's mind returned. He lifted the covering from the face, raised the drooping form, drew round her his own dark mantle to hide the dismal cere-cloths, and then, with long and patient care, and with more than the mother's trembling tenderness over the couch of her dying infant, sought to win back the trembling, the fluttering, the uncer-

tain pulses of life. Who can tell the anguish of that hour, when, but for the brief breathing-times of hope, despair must have paralyzed his exertions. But at length—oh joy!—the blue eyes slowly opened, and, as they rested on him, the pale lips relaxed into a faint smile, and Blanche lived!

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From the Illuminated Magazine.

#### A SHORT STORY OF A COW AND A SOW.

You were never at Naples, sir?—No? Well I will not commiserate you; I will not triumph; I will spare your feelings. Naples! If, sir, there be a place where a man may forget taxes and all the tribulation of what with great gravity we call civilized life, it is Naples.

Saint Anthony is a great fellow at Naples: a saint, sir, of the first water. Perhaps, I am wrong in the epithet: water being rarely a test of saints. Monks, who are to saints what porwiggles are to frogs, for the most part abominating that pauper fluid. No matter. Saint Anthony is a great gun at Naples, whatever he may be elsewhere: for saints, like fox-hunting lords of the manor, though they may make a terrible clatter in their own neighbourhood, are sometimes held dirt cheap in other places. Well, sir, Saint Anthony in his mortal days had a kindly yearning, a love, a gentleness, a pity towards every thing that lived; beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles. What Atticus was to Cicero, Saint Anthony's pig was to Saint Anthony. Great was his power over animals; most melodious, most convincing his speech; as was proved by his sermon to the fishes, which touched them all alike, the hard roes and the soft. Saint Anthony died—but to this day Saint Anthony lives in Naples. Once a year, with reverent care, people bring to him their various four-footed chattles; yea, the two-legged birds, to boot, that they may be soused with water blessed at the shrine of Saint Anthony; the said water being fatal to measles, mange, glanders, pip, and every other malady that walks, or flies. Do you laugh, sir? I am sorry for it. Call it superstition if you will; superstition hath uglier blotches than this. There is, to my mind, a fine spirit of humanity in this custom; nay, a beautiful piece of natural religion. Men, who acknowledge its sanctity, thereby acknowledge in the very hog that grunts about them, a something cared for by the Divine Schemer of



things: it is a creature, part and parcel of the wondrous whole; a thing to be used tenderly by men, seeing it is not despised by a saint. The water of Saint Anthony, thus sprinkled and falling upon brutes, must cool the pride of human-kind, showing that although it is the highest piece of heaven's work on this earth, it is not the sole piece. And thus, the peasant taught by the love and benevolence of Saint Anthony towards his horse, is taught a tenderness for the creature which otherwise he had not known. He, Pietro, has his saint to guard and bless him, but—to Pietro's mind—so have Pietro's cows and sheep: and so, the saintly care about all, brings all into a narrower circle.

Therefore, at Naples, great is Saint Anthony. Fine ladies bring their lap-dogs to be sprinkled, and they yelp back with blessings about them. Parrots are soused, and lo! they scream defiance at the pip; and if limited before in their vocabulary, have full soon in their throats a very dictionary.

Gano was a Neapolitan farmer; a heavy, stupid, yet withal, a most religious man. Not an animal that called him master, that was not sprinkled, once a year, with the water of Saint Anthony: and thereupon, the ewes yeanned twins, the hens never failed of eggs, and multiplication was ever triumphant in his dove-cote! Though Gano could not drive all his stock to the shrine of Saint Anthony, he never failed once a year to purchase of the priest a sufficiency of water, wherewith to sprinkle his property at home; and all things throve with him accordingly.

Gano had bought a young sow; a spare thing,—but with the blessing of Saint Anthony and plenty to eat, the sow, it was the belief of Gano, would plump and fatten. Gano failed not to drive the sow to Saint Anthony's water, where, at Gano's special intercession, it was doubly sluiced. Gano drove the sow home; and thoughts of ham and bacon, and savoury sausage, sang sweetly in his brain as he meditated upon the blessings of Saint Anthony. Weeks passed away, and nevertheless the sow did not fatten; no, it somewhat pined and shrunk. There was some devil in the pig! So, at least, thought Gano.

A short while after, Gano bought a cow. Had she been sprinkled by Saint Anthony? No. It was almost no matter; she was so fine a cow, without aspersion. Her black skin was like Genoa velvet; and then so sweet, so gracious a look about the head!

More than all, every day she gave a flood of milk. Leagues about there was a talk of Gano's cow.

As it sometimes happens with men, so did it happen with Gano's cow. Just as her fame had spread around, and brought many folks to see her, her merits became less: she began to shrink; and for milk, less and less was drawn from her night and morning. It was well for the faith of Gano that it was so: for looking, as in his infidel moments he had looked, upon the sleek carcase of the cow,—the animal unblessed, unsprinkled by Saint Anthony, and comparing it with the spare condition of the sow that had been washed almost from snout to tail by the efficacious water, Gano—the saints forgive him!—began to consider within himself, whether, after all, Saint Anthony was so indispensable to the health of a farm-yard. Weak, wicked Gano!

Still the cow dwindled, and as it dwindled, still—it was strange, or rather it was by no means strange—still the sow increased. The cause was plain. The blessings of Saint Anthony were working in the marrow of the swine; the saint was covering its bones with flesh; and in a short time, the wonder and admiration before bestowed upon the cow—were offered to the pig. It was prophesied by some that the cow would die; but it was no matter: the added value of the sow would more than make good the loss; it was so wonderful in its fat—so beautiful, yet mighty in its proportions. Still the sow fattened, and still the cow gave no milk.

"See you not," said old, pious neighbours to Gano—"see you not the blessings of good Saint Anthony? How have they descended upon the swine! whilst for that unblessed, misbegotten cow—cut her throat, burn, consume her; otherwise she will bring a curse upon your cattle, and blight upon your crops." Gano felt the rebuke; acknowledged the evil dwelling in the cow, the goodness fattening in the swine. If the cow should die, it would be a just punishment on her presumptuous owner.

Matters went on, and even the fame of Saint Anthony increased with the fat of the sow. Never had the saint's water been so highly prized. At length, the true cause of the sow's fatness was discovered; and thus it was.

Very early one morning, Gano rose, and going to where the cow was stalled, saw the sow lying on its fat belly beneath the cow,

with the teat in its mouth, milking, milking with all its might, and grunting complacently at the larceny!

Gano, though astounded, and on the instant suspicious of the truth, said nothing to his neighbours. It might have been the first time that the sow had so behaved itself. He would wait and watch. He did so: and six mornings at the same hour, he saw the sow in the same place, milking, milking, and grunting the while! Almost every ounce of swine's fat was due to the cow. The neighbours had sworn that the sow had prospered by the peculiar blessings of Saint Anthony. Alas! the sow had flourished upon stolen milk.

"Now, sir, is there no lesson in this little story? Teaches it nothing?"

"Sir, in your world many are the fat swine, and only fat at the expense of poor, defrauded cattle."

"Of all sorts of fatness, that is the vilest, the coarsest, which owes its grossness to hypocrisy. You shall see a man rich in pocket and poor in soul. He goes to his church, and owns himself, to his passing condescension by the way, a miserable sinner; he returns homeward, and proves himself to be so, albeit the proof never strikes him, by spurning the Sabbath-beggar at his threshold. This man was never known to do a large goodness. Neither was any positive, legal wickedness proved against him. No: he never grumbles at the church rates, for once a week he is decorously placed in his comfortable pew. He pays his way, and can show stamped receipts as vouchers for the goodwill he bears towards all men. He is a Christian; for one of his godfathers now alive can testify to his baptism; nay, he has the register among other precious family documents. Hence, if he be wealthy, why, riches have descended upon him as the bounty rewarding his virtues. His own goodness has been turned into a benison. And he has oppressed no one? He has wronged no one? He has not armed himself with an unjust, though an allowed usage to add to his hoards—to increase his wealth? Alas, sir, alas! against how many such men, may the accusing spirit some day thunder forth, 'Stolen milk!'"

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The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealcreagh—who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leander-ing distance, from which the unknown might have swum. Meanwhile, the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features, at least as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrin voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahoney.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course what I am?"

"Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for



such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I *am* only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or Success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he larn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, skyblue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Matthew's."

"Bedad, that's true," exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repale?"

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favour in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honour's tail!"

"That very same," said the Merman. "'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow.' But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder any how—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

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Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Divil a bit of a Repale without *that*!"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-coloured paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting, Mike," and he winked again with his round, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty inconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the Repale," and whipping out a huge clasp knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed,—and, strange to say of an Irish operation, without shedding a single drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on the broad end, "there you are, free and independent, and fit to sit where you please."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College Green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of—the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the Union!"

#### LAW OF GRAVITY.

Matter possesses gravity. Any body, if left to itself, would fall to the earth, in obedience to the law of gravity; though a looker-on is likely to have his own gravity upset by seeing somebody in the condition alluded to.



From Chambers' London Journal.

### A TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE SUN FLOWER.\*

In this pamphlet are enumerated, from positive and unerring data, all circumstances concerning the successful cultivation of the sun flower, and the production of its oil; the generally useful applicabilities of which must ensure for it an almost unlimited sale; independently of the value of its cake, or residuum after expression of oil from the seed. This cake has been found, on repeated trials, to be far superior to linseed cake, as diet for cattle.

Mr. Fleetwood, the author, has pointed out the causes of miscarriage which have hitherto attended others in the cultivation of this flower; and which, if left unremedied, must deprive the inhabitants of these islands of the manifold blessings which it is capable of conferring. He has, further, given from the best authorities, a distinct view of the waste bog, and other uncultivated grounds, in the respective shires and counties in the United Kingdom; with the hope of stimulating those who, in the agricultural world particularly, may have it in their power to encourage its culture.

In alliance with the subject of the *helianthus* or sun flower he has noticed the importance and utility of propagating ginseng, as an article of export to China. Throughout the northern portion of the American Union, though not an indigenous plant, it is already cultivated to such an extent, that within the last twelve or fifteen months no less than a million of dollars' worth has been exported to the Celestial Empire; where it met with an immediate market, as appears by the report of the commissioners of patents to the American Congress, dated February 1st, 1843. The pamphlet likewise invites public attention to the cultivation of sage on a grand scale, that herb being an article of considerable importance in Chinese commerce. Valmont de Bomari's *Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle* states that the Chinese are so fond of sage (which does not grow in their vast empire,) that they wonder how Europeans should come to their country for the purchase of tea, seeing they possess so valuable an herb at home. De Bomari further states, that the Dutch buy up the whole of the sage which grows on the coast of Provence, and carry it to China, where they have a ready market for it, both with the Chinese and Japanese; in many

cases obtaining in exchange for one chest of sage, two or three chests of green tea! As the experiment of cultivating and exporting sage to China could easily be made at a very small expense, by the united efforts of half a dozen growers, and if the assertions of M. de Bomari be confirmed by its success, the benefit that would accrue from the extensive cultivation of this garden herb in these islands would be immense.

So sanguine is Mr. Fleetwood with respect to his theories, that he has announced his intention to negotiate with land proprietors throughout the United Kingdom, for various plots of waste or other land, from five to ten or twenty thousand acres, for the cultivation of the sun flower, the seed of which, from Turkey, the Levant, America and Germany, he has obtained at considerable pains. At Miller's Farm, near Kingston in Surrey, he has planted this year twelve acres, where lovers of agricultural improvement and the useful arts, are invited for the purpose of inspection; as well as to a limited plantation of between two and three hundred square yards, at his own residence, No. 12, East Suffolk Street, King's Cross, London.

### THE CHRISTIAN BISHOPRIC AT JERUSALEM.

THE establishment of the Christian mission at Jerusalem under Bishop Alexander seems destined to effect a material and blessed change, not only in the spiritual but also in the moral and physical condition of Palestine and the countries adjacent. The good will of the Jewish population is conciliated by the amiable manners and disposition of the members of the mission, and by the acts of kindness they constantly receive from them; and thus the way is prepared for the teaching and reception of the Christian faith in the way that all Christians will desire. The medical department of the mission has, in this respect, proved of immense advantage, as the Jews have confidence in the skill of Dr. Macgowan, and now freely resort to the dispensary for advice and medicines. The residence and travels of the mission give much interesting knowledge as to the present aspect and condition of Palestine, and the journals kept by the intelligent and pious persons who compose it, richly repay the attention of those who follow their movements.

\* By C. B. Fleetwood.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

# MY INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

"SAVE me from my friends!" There is wisdom in the exclamation—but what are "*one's friends*" at large compared with the one particular individual who, under the name of friendship, has taken out letters patent for the express purpose of doing us all the mischief in his power?

My intimate friend belongs to the same club as myself, and manages to get himself invited to share my dinner, three times a week, to say the least; on which occasions he shows his friendship by telling me plainly that champaign is necessary to his digestion.

My intimate friend gives me a bad dinner whenever he entertains me at his lodgings, because, as he says, between friends there needs no ceremony—and then drops hints about "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

My intimate friend borrows money of me alone, because, as he observes, he would not hurt me by applying to any one else; and forgets the golden maxim, that "short accounts make long friends."

My intimate friend is always ready to be my second in a duel; and is so tenacious of my honour, that he will never hear of a compromise, though older and better men than himself have professed themselves satisfied.

My intimate friend rides my horse instead of keeping one, because Orestes and Pylades and Damon and Pythias were not better friends than we are, and consequently such trifles ought to be common between us.

My intimate friend would think me very ill-natured did I not present him in all the different circles that I frequent, although, being better favoured than I am, the consequence is that he dances with all the handsomest girls, and I am employed to take the dowagers down to supper.

My intimate friend is so solicitous about my gentlemanlike appearance, that he left me no peace till I employed his tailor, his hatter, and his shoemaker, all of which functionaries supply him gratis for the sake of his good word among his dear friends.

My intimate friend insisted on giving a ball at my chambers, because, he said, a rich man like myself ought not to receive so many civilities without a return. He would

undertake all the trouble, and writing all the invitations. The consequence was, that he entertained all his friends at my expense, and I offended many for not having invited them.

My intimate friend would know all the secrets of my heart; and I confided to him that I was in love with a charming girl, of whom I gave a very lover-like description. He insisted on being introduced to the family, as he would be delighted to forward my suit by all the assistance in his power. My intimate friend soon made himself at home in the house, and held skeins for Caroline, while I was talking with her mother—because, as he said, I had better not pay my attentions too openly, till I was sure of her parents' sanction.

My intimate friend has a knack of bringing forward all the subjects on which I am least informed, to show off his superior attainments. Thus, after teasing me for half an hour to sing, which he assured my friends I could do capitally, if I chose, he got himself solicited to take part in a duet with Caroline, who was delighted with his abilities.

My intimate friend took charge of all my letters to my lady love, which he could easily give her unperceived, as nobody suspected him—all of which he most faithfully consigned to the fire, assuring me that my adored did not dare answer them, though she had read them with great satisfaction.

My intimate friend was always at her house. He rode with her and danced with her, all to forward my interests, while I was enjoined to be absent, not to spoil the whole plan. In short, he made love for me, proposed for me, and finally married her, no doubt, for my sake; and to prove the excess of his friendship, and being now rich through her means, and no longer in want of an intimate friend, he has forgotten our intimacy and blotted my very person from his memory—so much for *friendship*!

## POPE'S VILLA.

The sale of the rich and beautiful grounds formerly belonging to Pope's Villa, has been adapted to the means of small capitalists who wish to secure a pleasant retreat now or hereafter. This is not often done with a property so celebrated. It will destroy old associations by creating a new neighbourhood.



From the Art Union.

## SECOND REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

MR. BARRY'S PLANS FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

THE appendix of a report, like the postscript of a letter, often contains the pith and substance of the matter. So it is with the Second Report of the Commissioners of Fine Arts: in itself it is merely a formal announcement of the steps that they have already taken to procure evidences of the skill of British artists in the several branches of pictorial, sculptural, and other decorations, to enable them to make a selection of those most fit to be employed; but the appendix comprises, among other documents—one of considerable importance—the architect's statement of his views respecting the completion of the New Palace at Westminster.

Mr. Barry's suggestions relate to the finishing and decoration of the interior, the completion and extension of the exterior, and the local improvements necessary to give full effect to the building. Our space will not allow us to give them at length; but an abstract will suffice to convey a general idea of the architect's intentions. How far these will be carried into effect remains to be determined: the Commissioners consider that it does not come within their province to give an opinion upon the desirableness of the projected improvements in the neighbourhood; and they refrain from expressing any with reference to the proposed additions to the structure itself. The scheme of interior decoration has been so far sanctioned, that the invitation to artists to send in specimens of their ability implies an intention to adopt its general features; though no specific recommendation can be made until the details are settled.

First, as regards the interior. The architect suggests that the walls of the several halls, galleries, and corridors, as well as the various public apartments, should be lined with oak panelling to the height of eight or ten feet; and that the space above should be adorned with paintings of subjects from English history on a grand scale, in a medium free from gloss, so that they may be seen from any point of view: the paintings to fill compartments formed by the architectural arrangements of the interior, to be surrounded with ornamental borders in colours, and separated from each other by statues of eminent men, standing on appropriate pedestals in shallow niches surmounted with rich canopies; all other portions of the wall to be covered with suitable architectonic decora-

tions or diapered enrichments in colour, occasionally heightened with gold, and blended with armorial bearings, badges, and other heraldic insignia properly emblazoned: the screens, pillars, corbels, niches, window-dressings, &c., being ornamented in a corresponding style. The vaults of the groined roofs to be similarly decorated, with the addition of designs interwoven with the diapered ground; and the flat ceilings to be formed into compartments by moulded ribs, enriched with carved-work, the inter-spaces being relieved by positive colour and gilding. The door-jambs and fire-places to be British marbles, polished, and occasionally relieved by colour and gilding. The floors of the halls, galleries, and corridors, to be formed of encaustic tiles, enriched with heraldic and other devices in colours, laid in margins and compartments, in combination with British marbles; and these marbles to be used for the steps of the staircases. The windows to be doubly glazed, for the purpose of tempering the light and preventing the direct rays of the sun from interfering with the effect of the internal decorations: the outer glazing to be of ground glass in large plates; the inner of ornamental designs in metal filled with stained glass, bearing arms and other heraldic insignia, but so arranged as that the ground—which is recommended to be of a yellowish tint and covered with a running foliage or diaper, occasionally relieved by legends in black letter—should predominate, to obviate either a cold or garish effect. The double glazing will also be serviceable in carrying out the proposed system of warming and ventilating, which does not require that the windows should be made to open.

Such is the general scheme of the proposed decorations; it is in accordance with the finest and most perfect examples of Gothic architecture; and the effect, assuming a proper harmony of colours and skilful execution of the decorations, would be magnificent in the extreme—in splendour and richness it would vie with any building in the world.

*Westminster Hall*, which will form an integral part of the new building, is to have a central avenue thirty feet wide, formed by a double range of twenty statues of British statesmen, on pedestals placed correspondingly with the ribs of the roof: its walls will be adorned with twenty-eight paintings of warlike achievements, sixteen feet in length by ten in height, divided by twenty-six statues in niches of naval and military commanders. To give due effect to these decorations, the windows in the roof will be enlarged; by



which means, its matchless construction and decorative carpentry will be shown to advantage. Mr. Barry suggests that the old Hall should be made the depository of trophies of victories: but the time is gone by for such poor ostentation as a display of tattered flags. The parade of such questionable evidences of valour was always in bad taste, and is now at variance with the spirit of the age: it might serve to mortify the pride of nations with whom we are at peace, but would certainly not exalt the dignity of this country. The pictorial representation of victories is a mode of commemorating valorous exploits as little offensive as possible; and in erecting statues of great commanders, we only do honour to soldierly talent.

*St. Stephen's Hall*, which is erected on the site of the old chapel, formerly the House of Commons, will be ninety feet long, thirty feet wide, and fifty feet high, and have a stone-groined ceiling: the walls to be adorned with ten paintings commemorative of great domestic events in British history, separated by statues of men eminent in the civil service of the country: there will also be thirty niches for statues in the upper part of this hall.

*The Central Hall* is an octagon of sixty feet diameter and fifty feet high, with a stone-groined ceiling. Each side being opened by lofty arches of doors or windows, there will be no spaces for pictures; but niches in the walls and screens will afford appropriate pedestals for statues of Sovereigns in chronological order up to the period of the Heptarchy; Queen Victoria standing in the centre on a rich marble pedestal. In front of the eight clustered pillars in the angles, sedent statues of the great lawgivers of antiquity might be placed with good effect.

*The Victoria Gallery*, one hundred and thirty feet long, forty-five feet wide, and fifty feet high, with a flat ceiling, will admit of both paintings and sculpture: the paintings, sixteen in number, twelve feet long and ten feet high; and the statues in gilt bronze. The subjects suggested for the paintings are royal pageants, this being a place for processions to pass through; and the statues proposed are those of royal personages.

*The House of Lords*, ninety-three feet long, forty-five feet wide, and fifty feet high, will have a flat ceiling in panels: the fittings and windows do not leave space sufficient for paintings, but niches will be introduced for statues of eminent personages; the architectural details will be enriched with gold and colours, and the fittings with oak carvings.

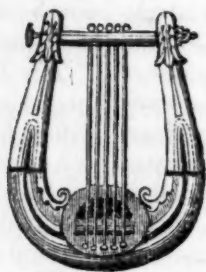
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The throne will be superb; the back lined with cloth of gold, with the royal arms embroidered in colours.

*The House of Commons*, eighty-three feet long, forty-six feet wide, and fifty feet high, with a flat ceiling in panels, will be finished in a style similar to that of the other chamber, but less highly decorated; the extent of accommodation required precludes both painting and sculpture.

*The Queen's Robing-Room*, the *Ante-Room*, or *Guard Chamber*, and the *Conference Hall*, will be available for paintings of appropriate subjects; and the principal *Corridors*, which will be twelve feet wide, may be decorated with portraits and other paintings: the corridors on the three floors furnishes an available space of wall for this purpose three thousand nine hundred feet in length by seven in height. There are nine rooms appropriated to Libraries, six of them fifty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide; four to refreshments, each eighteen feet wide, of which one is sixty feet, one thirty-four, and two twenty-eight feet long; twenty to robing and other purposes, for Bishops, Peers, and State Officers, averaging in size about twenty-four feet by eighteen; and thirty-five for Committees. The *Committee-Rooms* are distributed in three floors; eight on the principal floor, of which five are thirty-seven feet long by twenty-eight feet wide; nineteen on the one-pair floor, of which two are forty-two feet long by thirty-three wide, one fifty-four by twenty-eight, four thirty-six by twenty-eight, ten thirty-four by twenty-eight, and two thirty-four by twenty-two; those on the two-pair floor averaging twenty-eight by twenty feet. The whole of these rooms are twenty feet high, (except the eight upper rooms); and will have flat ceilings formed into panels by moulded ribs, and relieved by carvings; oak floors, bordered and inlaid; and they will be adorned with portraits and other paintings, in addition to the colour and gilding of the architectural details. The *State Rooms* of the *Speaker's Residence* also admit of the introduction of paintings on the walls; and the Quadrangles of the building are sufficiently spacious for equestrian statues to be placed in the centre with effect.

Here is an ample field for the employment of our painters, sculptors, and decorators, for years to come; and if they prove equal to the occasion, the Palace of the Legislature will be a noble monument of British art in the nineteenth century, and as proud a trophy of the wealth and genius of the nation as any country can boast.



From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.  
**LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. JOHN  
LEYDEN.**

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.\*

THE HARP OF TEVIOT.

Why weeps the poplar o'er the stream?  
Why wails the chilly winter gale?  
Why starts the peasant from his dream  
Adown the links of Teviotdale?

What strain was that so wild, so sweet,  
A hymn of heaven that strain must be,  
To theme so thrilling, woe so sweet,  
So soft the midnight melody!

It flows not from yon streamer pale,  
Nor from the window'd choirs of bliss;  
Ye maidens fair of Teviotdale,  
What wild, what wondrous song is this?

A thoughtful shepherd, fair and young,  
Upraised his head to list the strain;  
And aye it rung, and aye it sung;  
But every note was fraught with pain.

Full well the fairy sound he knew;  
It waver'd from the poplar pale,  
Where parting genius weeping threw  
The magic Harp of Teviotdale.

So sweetly down the dale it rung,  
The breeze of midnight died away,  
The falcon o'er the poplar hung,  
The fieldfare, and the merlin gray.

The wakeful cock forgot to crow,  
The snow-birds flocked around the tree,  
And ravish'd, sunk in trance of woe,  
Thrilled by the melting melody.

It rung so low, it rung so long,  
Few were the notes the youth could hear,  
But aye the burden of the song  
Was, "Soundly sleeps my Minstrel dear."

"The gray moss o'er my strings shall spread;  
My notes must die adown the vale,  
Since lowly lies the Minstrel's head  
That tuned the Harp of Teviotdale.

\* The above lines, written about the beginning of Hogg's career, have since lain in the repositories of one of his early friends; and, so far as we are aware, have never till now appeared in print.

"LEYDEN is fallen, and genius weeps!  
Leyden to me, to nature true;  
Sound, sound the bard of Teviot sleeps!  
—Sweet Minstrel of the vale, adieu.

"His lonely grave may balm entwine  
With bandalets so beautifully;  
Weep o'er his dust, the purple vine,  
And wave the wild banana tree.

"Ye spirits of that vernal clime,  
Around his grave your vigils keep,  
And wake the choral hymn sublime,  
To soothe my Leyden's slumbers deep;

"For, ah! that soul of fire is fled,  
To dream o'er fields of wondrous lore;  
And consecrate my rural reed,  
A Harp of Heaven for evermore.

"Long may the Harp of Teviotdale  
Forgotten on the poplar hang,  
Save when the spirits of the vale  
At midnight twang my runic string."

Slow died its wailing sound away;  
The shepherd sought the poplar pale,  
And reached his skillless hand to play  
The heavenly Harp of Teviotdale.

A spirit clove the welkin gray,  
Swift as the motion of the mind;  
The sacred symbol snatch'd away,  
And mounted on the murmuring wind.

A PORTRAIT.

My love is beautiful as the lily-queen  
Roused by the golden sunbeam's amorous touch  
To wake, and give her perfume to the morn;  
Her voice hath music, as the south-wind's sigh,  
Or twilight lute, touched by the lover's hand:  
Her lip a treasury for honied sweets,  
And trembling love-kiss; whilst her fairy step  
Sounds lightsome as the fawn's; how rich the tress  
That slumbers on her bosom's snowy couch,  
Unconscious of the heaven that lurks within!  
But oh! the task, to picture her fond heart,  
That scene of dreams, in sorrow, and in joy,  
Of storm and sunshine, faithful, tender, true,  
As woman's should be, and a welcome home  
For vows unnumber'd, and memorials dear!

JULIAN.

## THE FLIGHT OF DEATH.

He riseth—he riseth slowly  
 From his bed—the vast—the lowly,  
 Where ages have swept o'er his slumbering form,  
 Unknown to the sunshine, unknown to the storm,  
 With greatness and power he has slept,  
 The Mammoth beside him reposed,  
 The vast Megatherium near him had crept,  
 When his terrible eye had closed.  
 Since he lay down to rest, their giant bones  
 Had crumbled to dust, and harden'd to stones;  
 And heaved, in chaotic slime,  
 O'er the hills that had shelter'd their giant play,  
 And the boundless woods that had melted away  
 With the moon from the night, and the sun from  
 the day,  
 The wrecks of a perishing Time.

He riseth—the Phantom King,  
 On his strong and shadowy wing,  
 And he feels the breeze as fresh as at first,  
 When an earlier world on his vision burst.  
 The woods and the hills were there;  
 The ocean beyond them was roll'd;  
 The sun with his glory fill'd the air,  
 And bathed the springs in gold.  
 The soft blue sky and the woods were rife  
 With music, and beauty, and joy, and life,  
 And the bloom had a fragrant breath.  
 Together the fawn and the lion play'd,  
 And Might with Innocence gambolling made,  
 When rose from the sunless deep the shade  
 Of the terrible wings of Death.

He snuffeth the wind—Ha! ha!  
 Earth shudders with secret awe;  
 There is blood on its bright and flow'ry sod,  
 And it feels the frown of an angry God.  
 The first of human gore  
 On the blushing earth has been shed;  
 It held of human kind but four;  
 Now one is cold and dead.  
 And one with a fierce and bloodshot eye,  
 And crimson club, is standing by—  
 A sear'd and blasted man.  
 "Thou earliest child of a mortal race,"  
 Said the Phantom King, as he hover'd in space,  
 "Shalt hold, for the deed, the proudest place  
 In Death's pale army's van.

He saileth aloft, afar,  
 In a heaven where shines no star,  
 O'er a silent, dark, and moaning sea,  
 Where Earth and its isles were wont to be,  
 The living have passed away;  
 Their myriad heart is at rest;  
 It had leap'd into gladness at opening day,  
 With life and music bless'd.  
 But the tumbling tide, ere daylight's close,  
 Had still'd the tumult of joys and woes  
 O'er all the hills and dales:  
 The tribes of the cold and the burning zone,  
 The city and empire, the monarch and throne,  
 Have pass'd from the scene with a hollow groan,  
 Where Death's gray pinion sails.

He poiseth his plumes,—again  
 The day-star illumines the plain;

And again the forest melody floats  
 To the heart of heaven in million notes:

But other sounds are there;  
 The yell, and the shout, and the groan,  
 And the bickering blades as they cleave the air,  
 And the dying's anguish'd moan.  
 A female arm is uplifted high,  
 Guiding the March of Victory  
 O'er red and smoking plains;  
 Assyria's queen—she trampleth down  
 An empire's might, and the pride of its crown;  
 And the Phantom smiles to behold her frown  
 Blight Asia's rich domains.

Time passeth—His centuries sweep  
 Assyria's throne from the steep  
 Where it tower'd—a beacon of flame and might  
 Claiming eternity—quenched in night.

The eye of the Phantom shone  
 On the earthquake that shatter'd its pride,  
 And upheaved the glories of Babylon  
 On empire's changing tide.  
 It glow'd with delight when the voice of wail  
 Pass'd over the city and shrines of Baal,  
 By the Persian trampled low.  
 It sparkled when Asia's haughty crest  
 Had stoop'd to the conquering spears of the West  
 And flash'd when the foot of a Cæsar prest  
 Achaia's plumes of snow.

Time ageth—his looks are hoar;  
 He hath gathered a ghastly store  
 Of years and of nations to darkness and sleep  
 In the tombs of the earth and the caves of the deep;  
 Still, the shade of the wings of death,  
 In motion or terrible rest,  
 Is falling wherever there heaves a breath  
 On the vale or the mountain's breast.  
 Refreshed by the lapse of a thousand years,  
 He smiles, as of old, on the clash of spears;  
 On the swift or the slow decay  
 Of imperial pride, with its pomp and power,  
 Of altar and pyramid, statue and tower,  
 And calmly awaits the last bright hour  
 That shall o'er their ruins play.

They gather—a mighty host!  
 All that have yielded the ghost  
 Since Time began. At the midnight hour  
 Death summons to meet him his ghostly power;  
 A vast and shadowy train.  
 They circle the earth in a zone:  
 With one hand the Phantom touches Cain,  
 With the other Napoleon.  
 Around they sweep on an infinite wing,  
 By race and by nation, the subject and king—  
 The lowly and the high.  
 And a voice they blend, like the awful chime  
 Of a distant ocean roll'd sublime,  
 "We are thine, O Death, till the terrible time  
 When Death himself shall die!"

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Our hopes, lost anchors buried in the deep,  
 Rust on through storm and calm in iron sleep,  
 Whose cables, loose above but fixed below,  
 Rot with the sea-weed floating to and fro.





## ART AND SCIENCE.

EMBELLISHMENT.

### PORTRAIT OF MRS. S. C. HALL.

*Painted by Sir George Hayter. Engraved by John Sartain.*

### A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

OUR first visit to the cartoons was on the day of the private view, and, knowing how many opportunities we should have for inspecting them, we were more anxious to ascertain how the exhibition was received and appreciated, and what impression it made upon the critics and connoisseurs, than to think and judge of the merits of the respective drawings. The sun was shining brightly, and Palace Yard was filled with equipages,—such as London may show against the world. The Old Hall, as we entered had an astonished look, as if surprised into something new and extraordinary—something quite different from what it had been accustomed to. Numbers of well-dressed individuals (and there were none others) did not seem quite to understand what it was they came to see; and looked up and then down, the double avenue of cartoons, as if some mighty spirits from the old world of art had taken Westminster Hall by storm: people had seen the cartoons at Hampton Court, and perhaps had heard “German talk” of cartoons, and many had seen cartoons abroad; but no one seemed to anticipate that there were heads among us to conceive, and hands to execute, cartoons of the heroic size, fit, not only to be seen, but to command attention, and excite astonishment. As the visitors on that day belonged to a class in society too well-bred to whisper, their observations were made aloud; and certainly nine out of ten expressed the warmest satisfaction at the exhibition. There was a feeling of “See what Young England can do

when it has a chance of triumph!” Bright eyes looked brighter, as they guessed who the artists were; and some sad eyes, worn out by hard and heavy labour, said in their own language, “If I had had such a chance as this in my first days, I should not so often have looked down to the end of all things.” Nobles, and artists, and critics, and literary men and women, promenaded the Hall during the entire day.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Westminster were there at an early hour, paying attention to each drawing, and again and again revisiting those which they most admired. There was Mrs. Norton, beautiful beyond all painting, her large sleepy eyes, brightened by the wit of Rogers, and the interest she took for a moment either in the spectacle or the spectators. There was Mrs. Jameson, whose clear, careful, industrious mind has enriched our literature, while making us better acquainted with art—keen at discovering perfections, and more merciful than usual to the many imperfections which glared about her. There was Mrs. Opie, the widow of a master in his art, who associated with Reynolds, and West, the fiery Barry, and the dreamy Blake,—we have met her in the library of Cuvier, and the simple but crowded *salon* of Lafayette,—one, who of the past is still with the present, and who joys in the excellence which she has heart and feeling to appreciate. There was the poet Milman, and the one great actor, who has never worn breast-plate brighter than his own honour—the drama’s hope, almost the drama’s victim, treading the hall, and generously proud to see that one art, at all events, has at last received fair play in England.

Critics were knotted together like fiery serpents, and, despite much that was poor and painfully unfinished, so overwhelmed by the good, that to their astonishment they were warmed into a healthful generosity of feeling, surprising to themselves, and



*Painted by Sir Geo. Hayter.*

M<sup>RS</sup>. HALL.

*Painted for CAMPBELL'S EDINBURGH SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE by J. Scott.*





beneficial alike to their constitutions and the prosperity of the cause which originated the competition. We heard one high-born person say, "Can this (it was Cope's Trial by Jury he was gazing at) have been done in England?" What a moving picture of glory, and art, and ambition, and THE FUTURE of all, was that titled and well-born multitude, varied as a bed of tulips, and contrasting so strangely with the grey and sober tones of the drawings, and the noble roof of the mighty hall, accustomed to look down on the bewigged and murky lawyers, and hear the muttering of dingy law-hunting clients, and occasionally the sharp banging of the doors, the only sound that wakes an echo there. What a mass of living human power and intelligence was congregated within those walls! Some, who are known over the whole world as heroes and statesmen, but upon whom the hand of time presses heavily, who are passing away, and a few brief years, or perhaps months hence, will be portions of their country's history; others—the young FUTURE—whom we hope for, and with, rather than trust, for before we trust we must try, but we do hope—the hope "that brightens days to come." There, remarkable amongst a thousand, was the pale acute face of Lord John Russell, whose noble brow seems to contain a sufficient quantity of brain for six strong men. It was curious to glance from his to Mr. Hume's solid and accurate features, and then at the Duke of Sutherland's clear, calm, aristocratic outline, or Mr. Wyse's earnest and eloquent face, speaking without the aid of words. The President's Irish voice, Irish without brogue, caught our ear; but in turning to look for him we saw Maclise, wandering from point to point, too lazy to take the trouble to condemn, but never too lazy to approve what is worthy; there was Leslie, down-looking, smiling at his own or other's fancies; and Uwins, with his clear eye and accomplished mind; Etty, whose heart is as great as his head; and Wyon, whose native gentleness and powerful art moulds the hard metal into grace and softness. All the art-patrons, too, were congregated, and the art-strength of young England—Men, whose pictures had seldom been appreciated, because so seldom hung to be seen; but whose powers now had been acknowledged by the best judges in the land: how proud they looked, those young ones, keeping down that pride, too, with an assumed modesty. To name all of worldly distinction who were there, would be to transcribe the names of the *élite* of the court guide; and surely never was such an assemblage of feathers and flowers, and laces, and two and three little flounced petticoats over long petticoats; never such crushing and rustling of silks beneath the canopy of the old hall since the very, very olden time. It was pleasant to be in the broad sunlight again, for the heart will ache with satisfaction as well as sorrow, and ours did beat, for we had witnessed a great day for ENGLISH ART.

ANECDOTE OF SIR GEORGE HAYTER.—Whilst he was not yet much known to fame, the titled aunt of one of the most beautiful of the daughters of the aristocracy called upon him to see specimens of his portraiture, and to inquire concerning his charges. Forty guineas were agreed to be paid for a likeness of the reigning beauty, and the artist

was forewarned that she was a wayward spoilt one.

She came, and began by insisting that she should be permitted to see what he had done after the first sitting, but to this Mr. Hayter firmly objected, but, after much debate, consent was given that her curiosity should be indulged at the close of her third sitting. After the indulgence of this desire to see the progressing work:—"O, Mr. Hayter," said the exulting belle, "if I am like that, I am the most lovely creature in London, and I won't complain if you require me to sit forty times."

The picture was finished—was every way worthy of the beautiful original—and the young lady's aunt came herself to bear away this copy of nature.

"How much am I to pay?" inquired the old lady.

"Forty guineas, madam."

"O! that's a great deal of money."

"It is the sum agreed upon."

"I know; but cannot you take less?"

"I will not let you have it, madam, under *fifty* guineas."

"O! nonsense, Mr. Hayter. I will give forty pounds."

"I must have *sixty*."

"Stuff! Give me the picture. I will give the forty guineas; but it is *very* dear, sir."

"I shall not leave my studio under *seventy*, madam."

And so, as the good gentlewoman continued endeavouring to depreciate the work, and higggle for a bargain, so did the artist, in becoming vindication of his own merit and of the claims of art, rise in the price he required for his performance. He allowed her to depart without the picture, but his uncompromising spirit established his reputation. Other members of the family interfered. The artist willingly gave up the picture at the price originally affixed, so soon as its real merit was acknowledged. It gained for him the ear of the town, and his price for a portrait gradually rose to two hundred guineas.—*Sporting Review*.

VISITERS TO EXHIBITIONS.—Upwards of 10,000 persons visited the Art-Union Society's exhibition of prizes on Tuesday, and it is estimated that the number who passed through the rooms on Wednesday exceeded 15,000.

The announcement of the speedy termination of the exhibition of the Cartoons has had the effect of crowding the hall most densely.

THE SIDDONS TESTIMONIAL.—The duty of executing the monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey—a task infinitely too long postponed, and which never would have been discharged but for the active zeal of Mr. Macready—has been entrusted to the sculptor, Mr. Campbell. His design is very simple—the half-length figure, in alto-relievo, in a niche. It is, however, full of touching grace. The sum subscribed has been by no means large—under five hundred pounds, we believe—so that, in undertaking the "commission," Mr. Campbell has been guided by motives very opposite from the selfish. The amount will scarcely meet the cost of the marble and the "workman's wages." We understand that, although no tenders were required, several sculptors expressed their willingness to undertake the work—without reference to the

money that might be collected to pay for it; the artists having had honourable and praise-worthy regard to the object contemplated, and feeling it to be worthy of any sacrifice to aid in honouring the memory of Mrs. Siddons.

**NATIONAL MONUMENTS OF ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.**—In reply to Mr. Hawes, on Thursday, Sir Robert Peel said, that the Fine Arts Improvement Commissioners had been empowered to ascertain whether any part of the new Houses of Parliament could be appropriated to receive statues of eminent literary and scientific men. Mr. Ewart asked whether steps had been taken, by means of the Police force, to protect the Cathedrals of the Metropolis now open to the public? Sir Robert Peel said, he was not prepared to give any answer on the subject; but, from the example of the Cartoons, the National Gallery, and the British Museum, he thought that the public would be its own best police.

The Autocrat of Russia does not neglect the encouragement of science—especially, it appears, when it offers practical advantages to his possessions. Mr. Murchison has been engaged this spring and summer in an examination of Poland and the Carpathian mountains, in order to the publication of a work on the geology of Russia. On his return to England, he found that the Emperor, who had already conferred upon him the decoration of St. Anne in diamonds, had further acknowledged his services to Russian geology by two handsome presents. One is a colossal vase, of Hyaline quartz (Avanturine) upon a pedestal of porphyry; both materials extracted from the Altaic mountains, and wrought at Kolyvan. The vase bears the following legend, inscribed by means of galvanism on the base—"Gratia Imperatoris totius Russiæ Roderico Murchison, geologiæ Russiæ exploratori, 1843." The other present is a plateau of watered damask steel, wrought at Slataust in the Ural mountains, with gold ornaments in relief, representing the chief mining operations of those parts, and bearing, in Russian, this inscription—"To the geologist Murchison, in testimony of its peculiar esteem, the Administration of the Mines of Russia."

M. Horace Vernet is about to set out for Algeria, to visit the locality of the capture of Abd-el-Kader's smalah, of which event he has been directed to paint a picture.

**ANCIENT NINEVEH.**—M. Botta, the French Consul at Mossoul, commenced, a year back, making excavations on the ground formerly covered by the city of Nineveh, which was situated on the Tigris, opposite the present town at Mossoul. The walls are still observable, as well as some huge piles of bricks, which served as foundations of the palace of the kings of Assyria. In one of those piles he discovered the remains of a palace, the walls of which are covered with bas reliefs and inscriptions in cuneiform characters. The discovery is the more important, as no sculptured monument was hitherto possessed of the Assyrians. The French government has sent M. Botta a sum of money, to enable him to pursue his undertaking.

**BETHELL'S PROCESS FOR PRESERVING TIMBER.**—Among the numerous processes for the preserva-

tion of timber, which have for the last few years come before the public, that invented by Mr. Bethell is not so well known as some others, though apparently one of the most effective. As it is the design of these notices to lay before the reader all pretended discoveries and improvements, leaving him to form his own conclusions as to their real merits, we insert the following account from a recent number of the Mining Journal:—Mr. Bethell's method consists in impregnating the vegetable fibre with oil of tar and other bituminous matters containing creosote, and also with the pyrolignite of iron. The wood is placed in a close iron tank, similar to a high-pressure steam boiler, filled with the liquid; the air is then exhausted, and more oil, or pyrolignite, is forced in by hydrostatic pumps, until the wood sustains a pressure equal to a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds per square inch, which is kept by frequently working the pumps during six or seven hours, when it will be found to weigh from eight to twelve pounds heavier per cubic foot than before, according to the porosity of the wood. This mode occurred to Mr. Bethell from the consideration of the means adopted by the ancients for preserving the bodies of the dead, it being a well-known law of nature, that whatever will preserve animal matter, will also preserve vegetable. Native *mummiæ*, or mineral tar, was used by the Egyptians, as well as that manufactured from vegetables, and one kind called *cedria*, was obtained from the cedar tree; the leaves and bindings of books were sometimes covered with the latter, to render them indestructible by age. The effect produced by the injection of these substances, is the perfect coagulation of the albumen, as well as giving an air-tight coating, which not only preserves the fibre from destruction, but prevents atmospheric action, and consequently decay. A post of beech, or Scotch fir, thus prepared, becomes equal to the best oak, the bituminous matter binding the fibrous texture of the wood in one solid tough mass. The composition also preserves iron from corrosion, for an iron bolt driven into a Bethellised post will be found to remain any length of time free from rust; it resists the attacks of insects, and the leredo will not touch it; and it requires no painting, unless it be for ornament. The process has been adopted on the Great Western, Bristol and Exeter, Manchester and Birmingham, North Eastern, South Eastern, and other English railways; and the sleepers, after three years' use, appear in much better condition than when laid down.

**MICROSCOPIC INVESTIGATIONS.**—A curious paper has been laid before the Academy of Natural Science by M. Mandl, entitled "Microscopic Investigations as to the nature of the tartar and mucous coverings of the tongue and teeth." If we are to believe M. Mandl's microscope, the human mouth is a perfect cemetery, where millions of infusorians find their catacombs. Leuwenhoek had already told us that the human mouth was peopled with infusory animals, and that the mucous secretion on its surface served as their ocean; but it remained for M. Mandl to discover that the tartar which covers the teeth is formed of the mountains of the dead of these inhabitants of this ocean. M. Mandl knows not to what cause to attribute the origin of these microscopic animals, but he has ascertained,



he says, that they are most numerous in persons who live on spare diet, and that they are instantly killed by ardent spirits.

**DR. SOUTHEY.**—A proposal has been made to erect a monument to Dr. Southey in Radcliffe Church, Bristol, of which city that eminent man was a native.

**SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—Professor Colladon has made an interesting experiment in the Lake of Geneva. It has been long known that the effect of the collision of two hard bodies is sensible at a small distance under water. Franklin has recorded the fact, that if you plunge the head completely under water, you may hear the collision of two stones at the distance of half a mile. M. Burdenst, of the French Academy of Sciences, has made some experiments at rather greater distances at sea, using a bell (timbre,) and plunging his head under water to listen. In 1826, M. Colladon undertook to measure accurately the velocity of sound under water in our lake. His experiments led him to discover that a thin metallic vessel closed below, open above, may emit a sound which travels under water without any thing above indicating its existence. This discovery has led to that of an instrument by which the sound of a bell or other sonorous body plunged and struck under water may be heard at the distance of several leagues. Thus, instead of plunging his head, the observer may sit in a boat, his ear leaning on the instrument, which will receive below the surface of the lake the sonorous vibrations, that are propagated at the rate of a mile in a second. To take a measure, M. Colladon has some powder, ignited at the moment that the bell is struck, while he watches at a distance of several leagues. As soon as he sees the flash, he sets the hand or index of the chronometer in motion: the sound arrives soon after; he stops the hand. The space which it has passed over on the dial marks the time that the sound has taken to traverse the distance. The measures taken by this measure at great distances are remarkable for their precision and regularity. Water transmits sound four and a quarter times quicker than air; for in the atmosphere sound takes thirteen seconds to traverse a league, or three miles. M. Colladon made his experiments at first in the greatest breadth of the lake Rolle and Thonion; he has just repeated them at the enormous distance of nearly nine leagues, between the point of Promentheux and the hill of Grandvaux, near Cully. Thus, then, water is a body so perfectly elastic, that a blow with a hammer struck by one man, moves the entire mass of our lake, that is to say, nearly three hundred millions of pounds of water, every drop of which moves in its turn, with a force capable of affecting a thin iron plate, to make M. Colladon's instrument sound. This is, doubtless, a marvellous fact, of which advantage may be taken in navigation; for at the distance of ten leagues merchantmen are scarcely visible; the report of a cannon is heard or not, according to the state of the atmosphere: by the transmission of sounds under water, squadrons might be rallied, invisible signals given, by night as well as by day, in foggy as well as in clear weather. M. Colladon does not doubt that under favourable circumstances he could communicate at sea at the distance of fifty or sixty leagues. It is

easy to distinguish under water the several kinds of sound proceeding from blows struck on iron, bronze, or wood. M. Colladon has found that it is an error to suppose that steamers frighten fish by their noise. The paddles of a steamboat of one hundred horse power make scarcely any noise below water.

**THE LARGEST BELL EVER CAST IN ENGLAND.**—This immense bell has just been shipped for Montreal, it being intended for the new Catholic Cathedral, where it is to be placed in a tower by itself, and to be used as a "bourdon," or alarm-bell. It is to be named "Maria," the cathedral being dedicated to the Virgin.

It is the most extraordinary work of the kind ever executed in England, and was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Mears and Company, of Whitechapel. Some idea may be formed of the vast size of this bell, from its having required ten tons of fused metal to form the cast; and the time occupied in running the fused metal from the furnace into the mould was fifteen minutes. The diameter of the bell at the mouth is seven feet three inches; its height is seven feet; and its thickness at the sound bow is six and a half inches. Its weight is seven tons, eleven hundred weight, two quarters, four pounds; its sound is very powerful and melodious. The weight of the clapper is upwards of three hundred pounds. The bell will be rung by means of two wheels, one on each side of the stock or bearer, which, with its iron-work and fittings, weighs about two tons ten hundred weight. There will be four ropes used in the ringing, a man pulling at each side of the wheels. The bell itself is heavier than the great Tom of Lincoln by thirty-two hundred weight; it bears some bas-reliefs of the cardinal virtues, which are finely cast. On one side is the following legend: "Negotiamini dum venio omnis spiritus laudet Dominum. Anno Domini, 1843. Fundatæ Marianapolis, 201<sup>o</sup>. Greg. P. P. 16. Pontificatus, 12<sup>o</sup>. Regin. Victorie Britanniarum 6<sup>o</sup>." On the other side is inscribed, "Ex piissimo Mercatorum, Artificum, Agricolarumque, Marianapolitansium Dono;" intimating that it has been paid for from a fund subscribed by the merchants, artificers, and agriculturists of Montreal. Its cost, including that of the works, is upwards of £1200. On the rim is the maker's name, "Thomas Mears, Fecit, Londini, 1843."

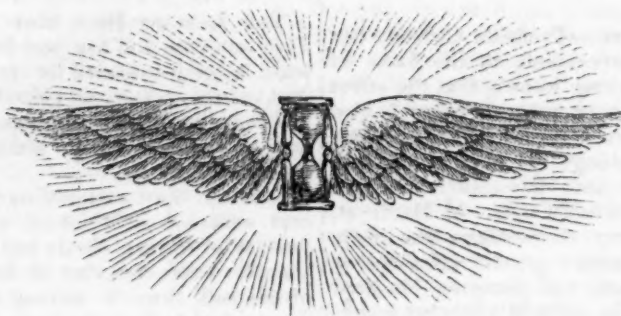
There has also been a peal of ten bells already sent out, to be placed in the sister-tower of the cathedral at Montreal, a Gothic structure, recently erected at the cost of £80,000. The shipment of the huge bell on board the Lady Seaton, bound for Montreal, and lying in the Brandy-quay, London Docks, was a labour of great difficulty; and a part of the deck of the vessel was of necessity cut away to admit the bell into the hold of the vessel.

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**—At length preparations have been actually commenced for setting about erecting the façade of this national edifice, which is to be hoped will be such as to make full amends for the total absence of architectural pretension on the other sides of the exterior. It is, however, greatly to be apprehended that, unless the architect has thoroughly re-considered his design, and improved upon his first ideas,—about a quarter of a century ago—it will not now be found to answer public ex-



pectation. Since the works by him at the British Museum were first commenced, a very great deal has been done in architecture almost all over the country. Consequently, the façade of the British Museum, will now have to sustain comparisons

that, if unfavourable, must be doubly prejudicial because it will come after worthier specimens, which it ought at least to rival, to be equal to, if not to surpass.



## OBITUARY.

Sir CHARLES MORGAN.—The news of Sir Charles Morgan's death on Monday, August 28th, cast a gloom over many circles to which his delightful social qualities had much endeared him. The sad event was quite unexpected, we believe, even by those in attendance on him. He was rallying after an attack of fever, when apoplexy suddenly occurred.

Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, was eldest son of John Morgan, Esq., of Charlotte street, Bloomsbury. He was educated at Eton and the Charter House; entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in his eighteenth year; was distinguished as a Greek scholar and metaphysician: and finally took his degree there as Doctor of Medicine. He married, first, the eldest daughter of William Hammond, Esq., of Queen Square, by whom he had one daughter; and secondly (on the occasion of his accompanying the Marquis of Abercorn to Ireland,) Miss Owenson, with whom he became acquainted at Baron's Court. During twenty years' residence in Ireland, he devoted much of his time and talents to the great cause of Catholic Emancipation, which he advocated in the public journals, and many periodicals of both countries. He was an ardent lover of civil and religious liberty, and his house both in Dublin and London, was always open to the martyrs in that great cause, from whatever land they came. Though Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and living up to the last hour of his existence with the most eminent of his colleagues, two of whom, Doctors Chambers and Latham, attended him in his short and recent illness—he gave up professional practice at an early period, and devoted himself exclusively to literary and political pursuits. He continued them to the last. The *New Monthly Magazine* for September contains one of his pleasant contributions, and he wrote up to the present week in a celebrated literary Review. On the coming in of the Whigs he was made one of the Commissioners of Irish Fisheries, and his Reports were remarkable for their cleverness and perspicuity. He was also the author of two valuable works, which have undergone translation in

French and Italian—the *Philosophy of Life*, and the *Philosophy of Morals*. To Lady Morgan's books of travels in France and Italy, he contributed the chapters on law, medical science, and statistics: and the last joint publication of this attached and devoted pair, was the *Book Without a Name*. Sir Charles was a very accomplished and justly popular member of the refined and intellectual society in which he and Lady Morgan have mingled both abroad and at home; and beloved by his family with an affection "which time may mellow but can never obliterate."

A writer of great ability, an honest politician, an amiable and most enlightened man, has claims to be long regretted by a wide circle of every class of opinion. And this will be the not unenviable lot of Sir Charles Morgan. While his mind kept equal pace with the progress of liberal views, his tastes were formed and resolutely fixed in what we call the best old school. He was never at a loss for the witty or wise passage from Rabelais or Bayle. We turn to his last magazine paper—published as we write this—and find it closed with a quotation from the latter writer. *Ne croyez pas que je me vante de n'avoir rien dit que de vrai: je ne garantis que mon intention, et non pas mon ignorance.* And truly, if anything but the exactest truth ever fell from himself, it was ignorance and not intention that betrayed him. The one most rare with him—the other most certain, reliable, and sound.

On the 10th August, at Nantes, in the ninety-third year of his age, JEAN MARGUERITE BACHELIER, the President of the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes. Bachelier had repented, and become extremely religious. He had translated the Psalms in verse, and composed a number of canticles.

Mr. GEORGE HOLLOWAY, at Christchurch, on the 12th of July, in the twenty-third year of his age, eldest son of Mr. George Holloway, ship-builder of that place. He was a young man of great talent, which he had happily improved by two years' study under Mr. G. Patten, A. R. A., the eminent portrait painter. He lived in the esteem of all who knew him, and his death is deeply felt by them.